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Vol IV No 41 JUNE 1919

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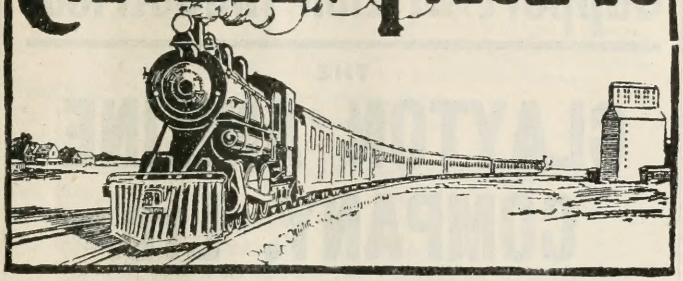

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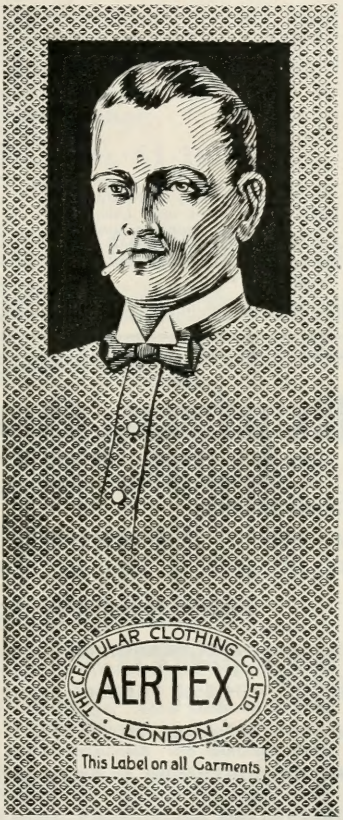

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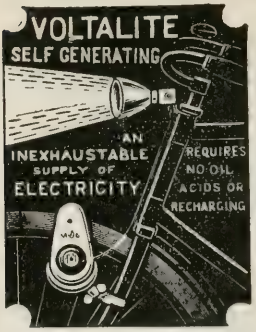

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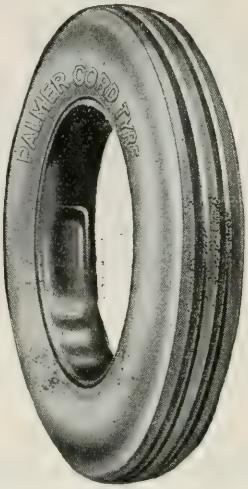

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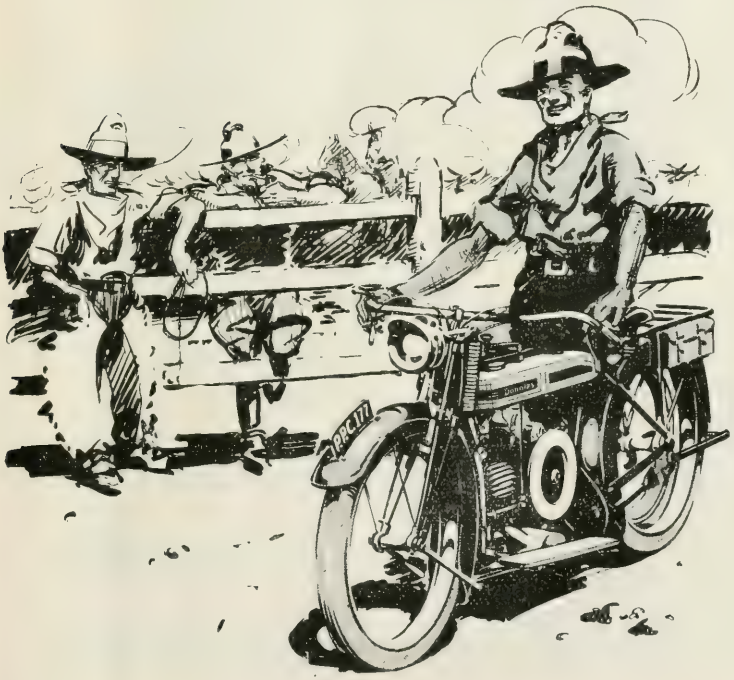

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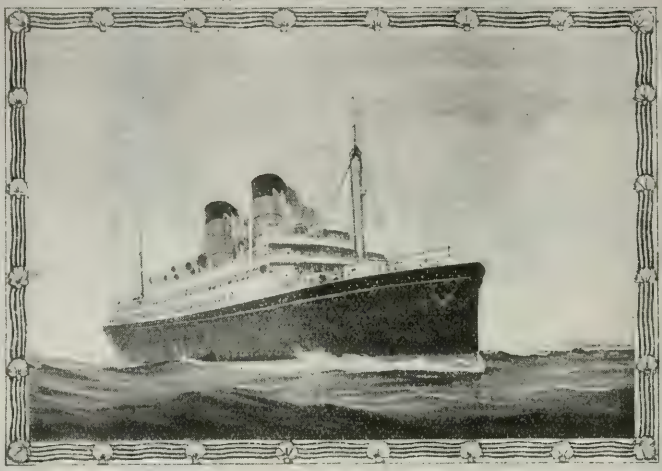

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[*Painted by Berenger Benger.*

DOG ROSES IN JUNE.

June with its dusty lanes and sunny skies;
With eager hedges veiled in tender green,
And frail wild-roses starring every bush,
A swaying screen of scented pink and gold

B. S.

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Vol. IV. No. 41. June, 1919.

My Monthly Letter

By E. W.

THE PEACE TERMS.—My friend, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, has contributed an extremely thoughtful article to this month's "Overseas" on the Peace Terms, so that I propose only to make a few comments. Several reflections, however, suggest themselves. The publication of the terms has caused no particular enthusiasm, for the very good reason that many people are by no means sure that in their present form they mean lasting peace. No one with an elementary knowledge of Eastern Europe can pretend that the Polish question is settled for all time. The comment of one careful student was that "The Allies have succeeded in Balkanising the whole of Central-Eastern Europe." In other words, human nature must be something very different to what it is at present, if the conflicting interests of the Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Italians, Greeks, and others, are to be harmonised. One might indeed despair, were it not that the League of Nations, in however shadowy a form, has emerged. To it we must look as the future hope of mankind. The peace terms are hard—much harder than many had expected. But if reasons of statesmanship alone had dictated their drawing up we should have no complaints. We all realised that Germany would have to liquidate her debt to an outraged world, and, as Herr Maximilian Harden remarks in the *Zukunft*, "Germany can proclaim her own rights when she has with courageous dignity confessed the wrong committed by her." He is of the opinion that if the head of the German Republic had proved to the world by his words that a new spirit was born in Germany, the terms would not have been so hard.

SEEDS OF FUTURE WARS.—Whether the Germans sign the Treaty or no, as Mr. Garvin says in the *Observer*, the root-vice of the whole Treaty is that it leaves the German race no real hope except in revenge—no matter how long the revenge may have to be deferred. And Mr. Garvin is not over-stating the case, for the

My Monthly Letter.

German people as a whole, Republican, Monarchist, and Socialist, feel that the peace terms inflict a lasting wrong upon them, and their children, and their children's children. Prince Lichnowsky, who last year acknowledged to the full Germany's guilt in causing the war, stated in Berlin, "My standpoint is that we should in no circumstances accept the present draft." No one quarrels with the provisions for ensuring restitution and reparation to Belgium to the last farthing, with the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, with the establishment of the mandatory system in the former German colonies among other matters, but there can be no justification for placing sections of Europe predominantly German under alien rule. That the peace terms will remain in their present form is most unlikely, and if the League of Nations is to become the great moral force in the world, which we believe it will, sooner or later, justice will be done.

TRUTH WILL PREVAIL.—Nothing finer has been written than these words of Mr. Garvin : "What we have had to establish here finally is our point of view, declared at the beginning of the War, maintained throughout the War, and faithfully continued now that the time has come for upholding in peace the principles and ideals by which the associated nations, one and all, professed to be inspired during the struggle. The best amongst us did not fight and work only to end by the adoption of German principles now repudiated by millions of the Germans themselves. We fought and worked, let us repeat it, not for the mere domination of the victors, nor for the selfish security of a few, but for the redemption even of the enemy and for the reconciliation of mankind. That alone is worthy of the pure hearts of our young dead who fought without hate. That alone is the truth, and it will prevail."

FAIR PLAY FOR JACK.—No recent action of the Government has been greeted with such all-round approbation as that of deciding to pay the men of the Royal Navy in future a decent wage. When the annoucement was made that the Cabinet and the Admiralty had substantially adopted the findings of the Jerram Committee, there was much congratulation ; more important still the new rates of pay have been received with complete satisfaction by the men, who feel that a square deal has been made. The Government has met the men's grievances in no niggardly spirit, and in future all naval ratings will receive at least double their pre-War pay and in some cases considerably more. The following two examples will serve to show the generous spirit in which the matter has been approached. The single able seaman who before the War got 19s. 3d. a week will now get £2 4s. 11d., and a single C.P.O. who before the War got £2 8s. 5d. will now get £5 1s. 6d. Allowances have been raised, and irritating stoppages of pay have been abolished.

My Monthly Letter.

The reforms entail an additional national expenditure of £6,000,000, but it is one which no one grudges.

THE NAVY OF THE FUTURE.—As my readers will recollect, the subject of adequate pay for the men of the Navy is one to which I have frequently referred in the past. Those of us who have lived and wandered overseas have perhaps a keener appreciation of our debt to the Navy than the stay-at-homes. The claims of the officers have not yet been dealt with, and we sincerely hope that the Government will deal with them in an equally liberal spirit. There is one other subject in connection with the Navy, on which I believe most of us hold strong views. I refer to the question of promotion from the lower deck to commissioned rank. If the Navy is to be a really national one and represent all that is best in our manhood, the officers must no longer be exclusively recruited from one section of the community. The British Navy of the future must welcome talent, from whatever walk of life it may come, and every boy who goes to sea should feel that merit alone will decide whether he one day becomes Admiral of the Fleet. Wealth, pri-

GHOSTS AT VERSAILLES.

(*By kind permission of "Punch."*)

My Monthly Letter.

vilege, and influence have too long had things all their own way.

OUR DEBT TO THE MERCHANT MARINE.—Now that the nation has discharged its obligations to the men of the Navy it is time that we made up our minds to deal fairly with the splendid men of the merchant marine. The debt we owe them is an immense one. Without their loyalty and courage the Empire could never have "carried on" during the War. But it must be confessed that as a people we have not been in a hurry to inquire into the conditions of service in our merchant marine. Great improvements have undoubtedly been made in rates of pay since the outbreak of the War, but there is one aspect which I want to dwell on this month. I refer to the present disgraceful accommodation we provide our sailors in many passenger liners and merchantmen. It is a subject on which I feel deeply, and I am sure all the readers of "Overseas" who have visited the forecastles of our ships hold similar views. They have seen the miserably uncomfortable quarters in which we send our men to sea. If we want British crews for British ships, for Heaven's sake let us make the seaman's lot a decent one. Let us insist that his quarters shall be moderately comfortable. Remember he spends most of his life at sea. Marine architects will have to put on their thinking caps and provide more accommodation for the crew.

Nurse Cavell, shot by the Germans in Brussels on Oct. 12, 1915, for aiding British and Belgians to escape. Her body has just been brought home to rest at Norwich, her birthplace.

The present herding together of the men in the fo'c'sle where they have no privacy and where they have to eat, sleep, and amuse themselves in their spare time, must cease. "Floating slums" from the crew's standpoint are what some of our ships are called by one writer, and he does not exaggerate. In future it is up to us to see that our seamen have cubicles, baths, drying rooms and proper eating and recreation rooms with plenty

My Monthly Letter.

of light and air. Those who have been in tropics know what life under existing conditions means to the seaman. If the steamship companies cannot afford increased accommodation for the officers and men under existing conditions their fares must be increased. The steamship owners are as patriotic as any of us, but we cannot expect them to do impossibilities. But the last word lies with the members of the public, and it is for them to say if they are satisfied with things as they are.

OUR TRIBUTE TO HAWKER.—Those who happened to be in London on Sunday, May 25th, will long remember the occasion. It was at my club that I first read of the safety of Hawker and his gallant comrade, Commander Mackenzie-Grieve. Shortly after three o'clock an early edition of the *Sunday Evening Telegram* proclaimed to an amazed public the glad tidings that Hawker was saved. Not since Armistice Day have there been so many joyful faces in London, and at first the news seemed too good to be true. Certain it is that whoever finally first succeeds in flying from Newfoundland to Ireland, it will be Hawker's name which will be for ever associated with the great adventure of the Atlantic flight.

The ordinary public, and even the experts, had given up all hope of his safety by Thursday, as nothing was known of his fate after 5 a.m., on Monday, May 19th, when the red light of his machine was seen by the cable ship *Faraday* in mid-Atlantic. Throughout the length and breadth of the country there were very few people who, on Sunday morning, the 25th, believed that he was still alive, but among the number was his brave wife, who all along maintained that she felt sure that he would come through. Incredible as it may

Mrs. Hawker and her baby daughter Pamela. Mrs. Hawker was convinced, even when all hope seemed over, that her husband was still alive.

My Monthly Letter.

seem, on Saturday the 24th, she told her friends that Sunday was her lucky day, and she felt sure there would be news of her husband. With everything against him, Hawker's achievement is certainly a remarkable one. He has given us one of the most amazing instances of courage which has been witnessed for a long time, and his name will for ever stand in the forefront of brave men alongside such heroes as Captain Scott.

THE APPOINTMENT OF GOVERNOR-GENERALS.—I see that the *Winnipeg Free Press* has been discussing the appointment of Canadian Governor-Generals in connection with the Duke of Devonshire's early return to this country. The Canadian journal objects to the appointment being made by the British Government and quite rightly remarks that the time is past when Canada had to accept thankfully any choice the authorities at Downing Street care to make. There is no doubt that, if we wish to keep abreast with the spirit of the times, the positions of Governor-General should be filled by the King on the advice of the Canadian Government and on their advice only.

THE BELLS OF ST. CLEMENTS.—From my office window in the Over-Seas Club building I look out on the old St. Clement Danes in the Strand ; a church so familiar to all Londoners. As the Club is situated in the parish of St. Clements we held our memorial service on Empire Day there. St. Clements has an interesting history and was built in 1681, on the site of a much earlier church, where, tradition says, that Harold Harefoot and other Danes lie buried. The bells of "Oranges and Lemons'" fame have been lowered from the steeple after 200 years, and are now in view on payment of a small sum in aid of the restoration fund. We hope the rector, Mr. Pennington Bickford, will soon get the sum he wants.

Commander Mackenzie-Grieve, R.N., who was Hawker's Navigator in his plucky Trans-Atlantic Flight.

"'*Oranges and lemons,' says the bells of St. Clemen's.*
'*Lend me five farthins,*'

says the bells of St. Martin's, 'When will you pay me?' says the bells of Old Bailey, 'When I am rich,' says the bells of Shoreditch. 'When will that be?' says the bells of Stepney."

THE DUG-OUT HABIT.—A writer in the *Daily Mirror* has been drawing attention to the unnatural conditions in which, of necessity, we live in great cities like London. During four years' soldiering he used his handkerchief for every possible purpose, as a bandage, muffler, dish-cloth, sunshade signal flag, but never for blowing his nose, for the good reason that he never had a cold. Now he is back at his old job, and within three weeks as a civilised member of society he is experiencing all the discomforts of a cold in the head.

The returned warrior thinks that our mode of living is all wrong, and he believes that his only hope is to endeavour to return to the conditions he was accustomed to in France. This is his solution of the problem :—"The average city-goer would not dream of walking, let us say, from Balham to the Bank and home again ; in fact, when inconsiderate strikers recently compelled him to do something of the sort, he looked upon himself as a hero. In France one trudged ten miles on the dirtiest day to buy a packet of cigarettes or get a warm bath. I am convinced that my only chance of regaining my old-time robustness is a speedy return to campaign conditions of living.

"In future I shall carefully encourage sitting about in draughts. I shall wilfully get my feet wet and shall refuse to change my socks when I get home. I shall discard woollen undergarments just as the fit takes me, and with complete disregard of the warnings of my barometer and the maxims of my maiden aunt. I shall dig myself a shell-hole in the back garden and curl up there at night under one very damp blanket.

"Heaven knows, something has got to be done."

FROM ARRAS TO YPRES.—To obtain a bird's-eye view of the British northern battlefront, one could not do better than drive from Arras to Ypres as I did on

Mr. Hawker ready to start.

My Monthly Letter.

a lovely May day. After a week's steady downpour the weather had cleared, and blue sky with high fleecy-white clouds and bright sunshine seemed almost too good to be true. Indeed, the inhabitants declare that this has been the wettest spring within living memory. From Neux-les-Mines onwards the road was through the devastated area and every hillock, every ruined farm house or barn, every cross-road and clump of trees had its association with all sections of the Empires' forces. We passed through Bethune, Armentieres, Ploegsteert, and on up to the Messines Ridge, finally, by way of Neuve Eglise to Ypres. As we made our way slowly—for the state of the roads and the shell holes made quick travelling out of the question — the fighting of 1914, 15, 16, 17 and 18 came back to one. Every name for miles had been mentioned in the communiques and was familiar. There is, of course, a certain amount of sameness about all the ground which has been fought over, but for utter desolation the Messines Ridge on the high road south of Ypres would be impossible to surpass. It has been written about so often, and yet no words give any adequate idea of the utter desolation.

THE INFERNO OF MESSINES RIDGE.—From the few mounds of brick and *debris* which were once Ploegsteert, we climbed up through Ploegsteert Wood, now a Chinese shack-town, bringing back memories of Chinese quarters in Jamaica, Panama and elsewhere, up on to the crest of the Messines Ridge. Here was an upland inferno, where no living thing or human habitation was to be seen in any direction. Wherever we looked it was a blighted land of horror. The bare gaunt tree stumps pointed with their broken branches heavenwards, and no wonder, for all around was despair. Huge shell-holes filled with stagnant water full of frog-spawn, unexploded shells, old petrol tins, a horse's skeleton, a human boot, hand grenades, more barbed wire than you ever imagined in the world, broken concrete pill-boxes, camouflaged galvanised iron dug-outs, gas plant, and every here and there in this land of desolation a little nameless wooden cross marking the site of a lonely grave. On we motored, past miles and miles of this desolation ; would it never cease ?

A SYMBOL AT YPRES.—Then we came across one of the many parties of German prisoners helping to clear up the *debris*. Here, at least, was a feeling of hope. Wild mustard and dandelions were growing between the shell-holes—a solitary magpie fluttered down from a tree stump and some sparrows were looking for food. As we approached Ypres we overtook a fat Belgian woman and a boy in a little cart drawn by two willing dogs, and then on to the ruins of the Cloth Hall. Outside the Church Army hut in the *debris* were several Red Cross Cars. Near by some German prisoners belonging

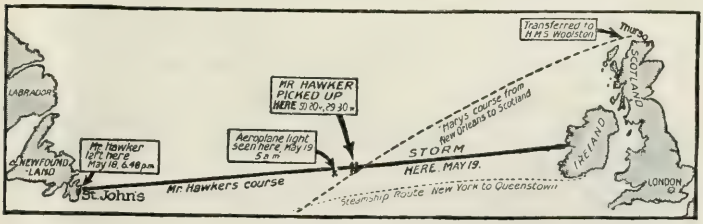
to the 273 prisoners' camp were hard at work in the sun. I looked into the little temporary English church. The altar was beautifully kept and the rays of the afternoon sun made the crucifix glitter. It was very still in there, and as I drove away from the ruined city the memory of that glistening crucifix remained with me. It seemed to stand there a symbol of hope in the midst of all the destruction wrought by the hand of man. **My Monthly Letter.**

SUNSET IN THE PYRENEES.—The Basque peasants have been working hard since daybreak on the side of the hill and the creaking of their ox-cart proclaims the approach of sunset. The stillness of a perfect spring evening proves to the intent listener to be an illusion, for there is in reality a chorus of sound. Down in the valley a dog is barking and from under the eaves of the house the nesting birds keep fluttering to and fro. A bee, laden, no doubt, with honey from the stocks and wallflowers in the garden is humming on her way home. The little birds are chirruping to each other in the apple tree, which is only just bursting into blossom. Some cattle, being driven home from the market on the dusty road, to the mountains, are bellowing—while the call of old Jean Jacques to his patient oxen—ee yaa-a—is a sound one never tires of.

La Rhune, the mountain acting sentinel to the higher ranges of the Pyrenees, which this morning stood out so clearly, is bathed in a purple grey haze, its rocky outlines are softened and its summit is tipped by a great white cloud. Sedately and in great curves a vulture is circling out across the Nivelle, a stream of silver at the bottom of the valley. He soars higher and higher towards the mountain top, planing as no aeroplane could ever plane, till he is lost to sight.

The sun, a great red ball, seeming much larger than usual, disappears on the western horizon across the bay towards the Spanish coast as one watches it, and there is hardly any afterglow. It grows dark suddenly and a fresh wind strikes chill. The world has become very still save for the croaking of the frogs in the swamp near the wood.

E. W.



Daily Mail.

How Hawker and Grieve were saved. Sighted by the *Faraday* at lat. 50° 20″—long. 29° 20″ W., they were rescued by the Danish steamer *Mary* in a heavy sea and transferred to the destroyer *H.M.S. Woolston.*

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(Patron : His Majesty The King.)

HE Over - Seas Club and Patriotic League is a non-party society of British subjects residing in all parts of the world. Its underlying motive is to promote the unity of British subjects. Its four chief objects are :

1. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the seas and in the air.
4. To help one another.

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We sailed wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty State,
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.

—TENNYSON.

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The Prospects of the Peace

By Hamilton Fyfe

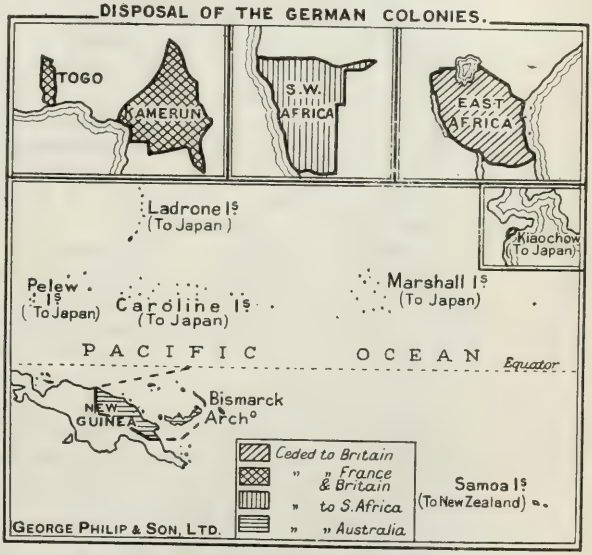
[The following article gives Mr. Fyfe's personal reflections on the Peace Conference. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Editor.]

The Prospects of the Peace.

FEW peace treaties have ever been signed that did not contain the seeds from which sprang a crop of future wars. I should say that in the peace concocted at Paris, after unfavourable delays and undignified "secret" squabbling, by the representatives of a European system which has ceased to exist as a reality, there were any number of provisions certain to cause further and more devilish fighting within a short space of years—I should say this but for the existence of the first, and, to my mind, the all-important section of the text—that which brings into existence a League of Nations.

It is true that the League, as outlined, gives little hope of much improvement in the relations between peoples. But the important thing is to have got a league outlined at all. What it is now does not matter. It can be turned into any kind of system that the peoples want. It is impossible for politicians to say, as they would have said if they could have kept this first section out of the text: "We will think about a League of Nations, but not now."

They made desperate efforts to keep it out, but President Wilson had made up his mind that the Peace Treaty should include the League. He gave way on other points, but he would not give way in this. (He knew how disastrous it would be to leave the ordering of the New Europe to the politicians born and bred up in the now exploded tradi-



Map illustrating the future of the ex-German Colonial possessions. They are all under the League of Nations, but various Powers have been given mandatory powers to administrate them.

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tions of monarchical rule.) Up to a point he humoured them. He let them have their way with the conditions of peace. They put in their "guarantees," their "frontier rectifications," their demands for indemnities which they know cannot be satisfied, all the old truck of secret monarchical diplomacy. "What does it all matter?" I can imagine the President saying. "With a League of Nations in being everything can be settled on an equitable basis. Give me that, and the rest is of little account."

What he sees, and what the politicians cannot by any means discern with their eyes accustomed to dark places and bleary in the sun, is that the change in the thought of mankind, which has been going on slowly for a century past, and which was immeasurably quickened up by the war, has created a test by which every mind aspiring to take part in government must now be tried. Those who still put their faith in frontiers, in rivers or coastlines or mountain-ranges, proclaim that their minds are capable neither of looking forward nor of looking back.

If they looked back, they would see that the War proved their contentions to be altogether untenable, proved that frontiers, as barriers, no longer exist, have no more defensive value than chalked-out lines or rows of painted posts. If they looked forward, they would discern, dimly it may be, but with enough certainty to show them solidly substantial, the New Order shaping itself; nations refusing to be humbugged into fighting and paying and suffering for the benefit of a dynasty or to serve the ambitions of a ruler "on the make"; nations refusing to admit that "the state" can have any interests apart from the interests of the men and women who compose it; nations convinced that it is as foolish to make war for "national" objects as it would be for individuals with grievances to attack one another with hatchets and bombs instead of calling in the police or submitting their quarrels to examination by judge and jury.

Applying to the peace terms, then, the test that decides whether they are in consonance with the New Order or with the Old, which we fought to destroy, we find no clear idea running through them. They are a medley of old and new. The principle of self-determination is put into practice in some regions; in others it is given the go-by. A port and a waterway, Dantzig and the Kiel Canal, are declared free; other ports and water-ways equally necessary to the nations in general are left under private control. The League will appoint a commission to govern the Saar coal fields' territory which France takes from Germany, but the territory which Germany cedes to Poland, and which is largely inhabited by Germans, is left to be governed by the Poles, an exceedingly intolerant race who are already persecuting the Jews in what used to be Russian Poland.

From the point of view of Britain Overseas, the removal of the

possible menace to South Africa and Australasia by the retention of the German colonies in South West Africa and the South Pacific Ocean is a matter for satisfaction. We do not receive these colonies as our property. To talk about any inhabited country being the "property" of another is to slip back into the phraseology of the past. We are to hold and govern them under mandate from the League of Nations. If we had received them upon any other terms, we should have proved all our declared war aims to be merely "words, words, words." We should have laid ourselves open once more to the charge that "Britain always gets most of the plunder out of wars into which she pretends to enter with the most unselfish motives." There are Britons who chuckle over this gibe and glory in the thought that it is justified. The same people hotly denounced Germany for breaking her word, but cannot apparently see that the obligation to keep faith ought to be binding on all alike.

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Whether it will be an advantage to us to govern the German colonies is open to doubt ; but the justice of taking them can hardly be questioned. That Germany governed them harshly is not our reason. If it were, we should have to explain how it was that just before that war Britain was about to make an agreement with the Germans under which they were to receive an extension of colonial possessions.

No, the justice of taking the German colonies lies in this : that the Imperial German Government always excused its creation of a big navy by pretending it was needed to protect their colonial empire and trade ; and that the creation of this big navy was one of the causes which led directly to the war. We cannot afford to leave the Germans any excuse for wishing to build up their navy again. It is to be noticed, by the way, that in territories governed under the League mandate, no naval bases are to be established, no military stations built, no native troops raised by compulsory service.

Upon the Germans the material result of losing their colonies will be advantageous. They had to pay a very large sum every year for their government ; the volume of trade they got out of them was very small. In the same way they will feel the benefit of having no army and no navy to keep up, for that is what the terms amount to. They will be able to start at once putting all their energies and moving into industry and trade, while Britain and France and Italy are struggling to raise the enormous sums required for naval and military expenditure in addition to all the burdens piled upon us by the war.

All through the Peace Treaty the nervousness of France is apparent. That country is in a difficult situation. With forty-five million inhabitants, a population which scarcely increases at all, she has for neighbours seventy millions of Germans who increase

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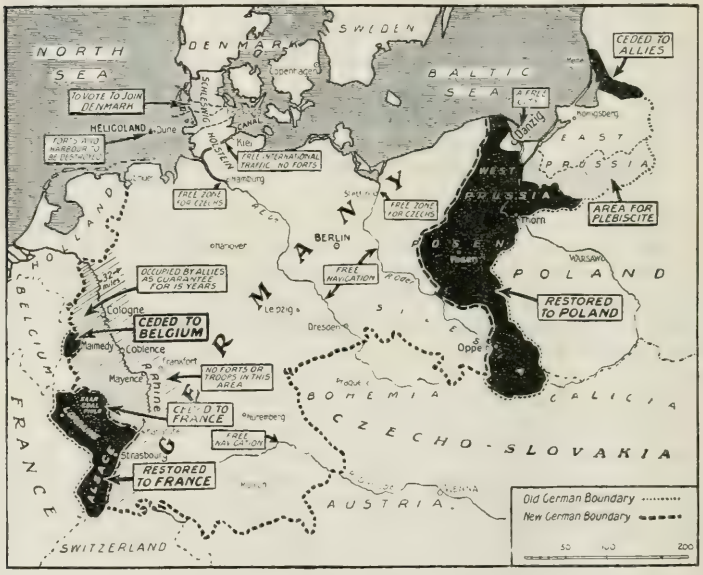
steadily. What France wants is to find a means of making it impossible for Germany to attack her again.

But making allowance for the precautions insisted upon by France, and always remembering that the really important matter is the establishment of the League, we may welcome the Peace Terms as not inherently unjust in any particular, even where they may be called impolite or ungenerous.

The Germans must pay for the folly of the Junker party which hurried them into war and persuaded them they were fighting in self-defence. But, having made them pay, we can then surely cease hating. If we fought for anything at all, if the sacrifice of our dead is to bear any wholesome fruit, the result of the war must be a better feeling among all peoples, based upon better understanding and an honest desire for the "square deal all round." Hatred, as a passing emotion is unavoidable in war. But hatred as a flame deliberately fanned is poisonous. With peace we must put it out.



GERMAN'S NEW FRONTIERS.

The areas shown in black are those restored to France and Poland, or, like the Saar Coalfield, taken from Germany. Note that Danzig is a free city. The dotted portions are those in which the inhabitants will vote whether to remain German or not. The shaded portions show the area east of the Rhine in which all forts have to be destroyed, and that to the west which the Allies will occupy for 15 years.

"D'ye Ken John Peel?"

By John Graham, Editor of the *Musical Herald.*

[*How the "National Anthem of Sportsmen" came to be written in the Nineteenth Century by a Cumbrian hunting man is told in the following article.—Editor.*]

OVE of sport is the ruling passion of the British race. Wherever two or three Britons are gathered together there is a game going on in the midst of them. Nowhere is this spirit more deeply rooted than in the Lake District, the playground of the homeland. You may boast of other fine counties, but, as Robert Anderson said, "Canny auld Cummerlan' caps them aw still." As a tourist who roams over its fells in the summer, you miss the games of the natives, especially the fine wrestling of the estatesmen and the hinds, but you will have your fill of sport: rock-climbing, fishing, shooting, coaching and whatever you like. But the sport of the "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time" was hunting. On that account the finest hunting song in our language has become a national possession, as well as a key that unlocks the heart of the Cumbrian. "D'ye Ken John Peel?"

Ever since the siege of Lucknow, soldiers from the Border Country have sung "D'ye ken John Peel?" with a fervour that has made them forget danger. If I may call it the Marseillaise of Cumbria, you may claim it as the national anthem of the sportsman.

So widely is the song sung that I understand Tasmanians regard it as their own song. Sir Ernest Clarke says that he once asked a merchant from Hobart what was his national air. The surprising reply was, "D'ye ken John Peel?"—it was "written in Tasmania." It is true that a monody on John Peel was written there, but not the original song. The fact is that the writer of the words, John Woodcock Graves, lived for about forty years at Hobart, and died there at the age of ninety-one. His daughter, Mrs. Hubbard, says, "The place where he rests is a lovely spot; on earth there can be no scenery more charming. The burial ground is about an hour's easy walk from Hobart Town."

We must hark back to Caldbeck. Graves wrote his autobiography for Mr. George Coward, a Carlisle printer, whom I remember well. He said, "Nearly forty years have now wasted away since (? in 1832) John Peel and I sat in a snug parlour at Caldbeck, among the Cumbrian mountains. We sat by the fireside, hunting over again many a good run. Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son—now a leading barrister in Hobart Town—with a very old rant, called 'Bonnie (or cannie) Annie.' The idea of writing a song to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced impromptu, 'D'ye ken John Peel, with his cwote sae

"D'ye Ken John Peel?"

gray? Immediately afterwards, I sang it to poor Peel, who smiled through a stream of tears which fell down his manly cheeks, and I well remember saying to him, in a joking style, 'By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth.'"

"Peel," adds Mr. Coward, "was free with the glass 'at the heel of the hunt'; but a better heart never throbbed in man. His honour was never once questioned in his life-time. In the latter part of his life his estate was embarrassed, but the right sort in all Cumberland called a meeting, some years since, and, before parting, they sang John Peel in full chorus, closing by presenting him with a handsome gratuity, which empowered him to shake off his encumbrances and die with a 'hark, tally ho!'"

In the village inn at that time a painting by a local artist was on view. His coat so gray (not "gay," as some versions of the song have it) was a long lappeted coat of hodden gray home-spun. Peel wore leather knee-breeches and ankle jacks, and a tall hat. He held a little bugle and whip in his hand. He is said to have been a long-legged, nimble (lish) man. His little pony would follow him like a dog. On his pony he would be "as right as a fiddle," although so drunk that he could not stand.

In those days a hunt that was begun in the daytime was pursued through the night, and the rough voice of Peel, shouting "Go back" and "For'ard, hark," woke everybody, as the song says. "Young John Peel," his son, in after years, also used to wake the echoes when he crossed the fell from Keswick on a Saturday market-night. Both Peel and Graves were careless of this world's goods. The quest of the fox gave them hours of glorious life, and nothing else mattered. The obstinacy and capriciousness of Graves caused his devoted daughter many sleepless nights; indeed, the tragedies and humours of Graves' life deserve to make a book. The genesis of the music set to "John Peel" is another long story.

Caldbeck nestles quietly at the back of Skiddaw, "far, far away" from any town, but just the right distance for a good pedestrian who walks and walks up hill and down dale to create an appetite. Then he should ask, in the village inn, for real Cumberland ham, followed by home-made pastry ("plate cakes") and other dainties that only Cummerlan' lasses make. If he is a good sport, he will take off his hat at the graveside of his Nimrod, and, ere he leaves the "dear little native vale," he will honour the memory of his patron saint in the words of John Woodcock Graves:—

"Then fill up the glass,
And, though dumb, let it pass
To him in the land of the leal;
Like him far away,
Who has tendered this lay,
Remember the hunter, John Peel."

The Federal Solution for Ireland

By Lieut.-Colonel Eoghan O'Brien

[*The platform of the Central Party, which is growing rapidly in Ireland, is set forth in the following article. While we hold no brief for this or any other section of the Irish nation, we cannot help feeling that the only possible solution of the Irish problem lies along some broad, sane lines such as are here indicated.—Editor.*]

The Federal Solution for Ireland.

EFFICIENCY is the keynote of modern industry : in manufacture, in farming, in forestry, in transport, in medicine, even in daily domestic life, unless the latest and most scientific methods are continually studied and intelligently applied, either failure ensues or life becomes almost intolerable under the present-day conditions. The newer the country, or the nation, and the more recent its self-expression as a nationality, the more receptive it usually proves itself of the newest and most scientific ideas which conduce to that efficiency which is so essential to the well being of the community. This natural law or, rather, this working of human nature, has as true an application in the art of government as in the manufacture of a sewing machine or the raising of crops of wheat.

Thus it is that all the more modern and progressive states, with a view to this necessary efficiency in government, have adopted a federal instead of a centralised form of government.

All the great overseas units of the British Empire are, in effect, Federal Republics, bound into a greater confederation by the tie of language, common interests, and the symbolic expression of their unity in the King Emperor. At the present moment the question may well be asked as to why the United Kingdom still clings to the antiquated methods of central government. Every Dominion citizen who has visited London during the War must have gone away amazed at the clumsiness of the United Kingdom Governmental machine, and astonished at the comparative efficiency wrung from it ; but wrung from it at what expense ?

The two forms of government may well be compared to an old hand loom of the seventeenth century, on the one hand, and to a modern Jacquard, on the other : the one worked with infinite labour and with much friction, slowly turning out a strong but coarse cloth filled with imperfections and knots, the other producing an equally strong cloth, but smooth, perfectly finished and produced with a minimum of exertion and perfect movement.

The fact is that the machinery of government in the United Kingdom has broken down finally under the stress of war ; the machinery is so cumbersome and has so great an infinity of detail to deal with. On this unhealthy body, which is fighting the fever

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of industrial unrest, following on the constitutional disturbance arising from the War, lies the ever open sore of Irish discontent. Within the last few months a new party has been formed in Ireland, having as its object the establishment of a Federal form of Government in the United Kingdom.

The population of Ireland is 4,337,000, slightly less than that of Australia, and about half that of Canada. The people of Ireland are as separated from those of England in their manner of thought, in their interests, in their needs, as those of Canada or Australia, and yet the legislative and administrative needs of these four million people are dealt with at Westminster and in Whitehall.

Ireland is, in effect, governed, both legislatively and administratively, by the Chief Secretary for Ireland : no scheme for the reconstruction or improvement of the country can be initiated, no legislation effected, without his approval ; nor is his approval alone sufficient, but he has to submit his schemes to a Cabinet already burdened, not only with the interests and affairs of the forty million inhabitants of Great Britain, but also with the direction of the policy of the British Empire.

Is it surprising that Ireland, crushed under the double burden of semi-autocracy imposed on an antiquated and overworked governmental machine, neither progresses nor is contented ? The scheme put forward by the Irish Centre Party is not only a scheme for the regeneration of Ireland, but also for the betterment of the whole Empire.

With Ireland as contented and as free to work out her own salvation as Australia, South Africa or New Zealand, the whole fabric of the English speaking Anglo-Saxon Celtic Confederacy would be strengthened.

The Irish Centre Party proposes to institute provincial assemblies for each of the four provinces of Ireland, which would deal with purely provincial affairs, such as water supplies, housing, tramways, public health, education, development, industrial and agricultural.

Thus the cumbersome, costly and antiquated system of dealing with these matters by Private Bills in the Imperial Parliament, or by Provisional Orders—a nearly equally costly business—would be avoided : a purely Munster or Ulster undertaking would not even have to be referred to the Irish National Parliament, but would be dealt with in Cork or Belfast : the system would make for efficiency and economy of government, by stimulating a healthy rivalry in the administration of affairs between the several provincial authorities.

The National Parliament in Dublin would deal with the larger interests affecting the whole country, such as railways, post office, agricultural development, and would exercise supervision and make

grants dependent on standard of efficiency attained for education, housing, etc.

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It is further proposed that the imposition of customs and excise duties, and matters of defence, both naval and military, should remain the prerogative of the Imperial Parliament, and that Ireland should be represented in that Parliament, for these purposes, by twenty members.

The Federal form of government, it must be repeated, is the only one which is efficient and, even were it not, it must be remembered that men universally prefer a bad government for which they are responsible and in which they have a share, to a good government imposed on them from above. The Federal system gives the fullest share in government to every citizen ; it is government on the lines on which modern big businesses are run ; it will satisfy Ulster, because it safeguards the industrial community from taxation imposed on it to benefit a minority or opposed interests ; it safeguards the educational interests of the various creeds, which is an essential in Ireland ; it will satisfy the Sinn Fein Party, as far as they ever can be satisfied.

The Sinn Fein Party have declared emphatically for an independent republic in Ireland, and were supported in this policy by nearly half the electors of the country, but the strategic position of Ireland in relation to Great Britain precludes the grant of such independence, however desirable it may be theoretically. The interests of the thirty million inhabitants of Great Britain must be paramount where the defence of the country is concerned, and it must be remembered that, whatever the rights of the matter the measure of independence conceded to Ireland must be dependent on the good-will of her rich and powerful neighbour. In these days of the domination of coal and iron the self-determination of small and mainly agricultural communities must be limited by, and dependent on, the favour of their large industrial neighbours. It is no good closing our eyes to this fact, unpleasant as it may be ; but now, at the close of the World War, no dominant power should refuse to concede to a smaller neighbour such a measure of self-government as will enable that neighbour to give full development to the lives of its people, industrially, economically and educationally. Sinn Fein will have to realise, and, indeed, it is more than probable that they already do realise, that half a loaf is better than no bread.

There remains to be considered the attitude of the wealthy dominant classes, who are strongly Unionist, but are numerically an insignificant minority in Ireland : it is improbable that they will offer any strong opposition to the scheme of Federal Government proposed by the Centre Party, as their most active and progressive leaders have, from time to time, approached this aspect of a possible

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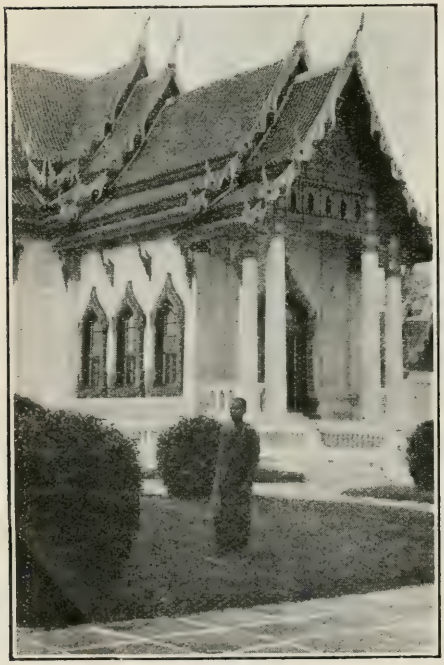
solution of the Irish problem. The continual political unrest affects their purses and their comfort, and they are in the mood to grasp at any practical proposal to allay the turmoil which will bring material prosperity to the country. The position of Labour cannot be considered in this article. Labour has no party ties ; it is out for all it can get, and it is to be hoped that it will get it so far as is possible without destroying the industries of the country.

The Irish Centre Party appeal to the Dominions Overseas, to the innumerable men and women of Irish descent in those Dominions, and to the citizens of those Dominions, who enjoy a modern and enlightened form of government within the Empire, to use their influence to persuade the Imperial Parliament to free itself from the burden now upon it, and to heal for ever the Irish sore and, at the same time, to set the seal of perfection on the organisation of the Empire.

Whether similar Federal Parliaments should be set up for Wales and Scotland should depend on the measure of success attained in Ireland, though, indeed, the relief that would be given thereby to the Imperial Parliament is obvious, and renders such action eminently desirable.



Buddist Temple in Bangkok, Siam. Sent by Mr. J. Mackay.

Both these countries, however, are more closely bound up, geographically, with England than is the case with Ireland, and though Scotland has a different legal system, in the case of Wales the laws are identical with those in force in England.

The Irish race are not deficient in ability, intelligence or energy —witness their success, among every race and in every clime, and in the many thousands of agricultural holdings in Ireland, wrung, by the indomitable spirit of her peasantry, from mountain and bog.

Give her a modern and efficient system of government which will enable her to educate the generations to come, and contemporaneously with the growth of that education will arise a new Ireland, a worthy fellow of the Dominions Overseas and an Atlantic outpost of the Empire.

The Future of Cyprus

By Colonel A. O. Green, P.S.C.

[*The future of Cyprus is at present lying in the balance—whether British or Grecian rule and ideas are to prevail is being discussed on all hands. The following sketch of the history of the island and the conditions at present prevailing there should not only prove interesting but help our readers to make up their minds as to the best solution of the Cyprus question. Needless to say, "Overseas" does not hold itself responsible for the views expressed.—Editor.*]

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A CONSIDERABLE amount of correspondence has taken place lately in the columns of the daily press with regard to the future of the Island of Cyprus. The Government of M. Venizelos is backing up the so-called aspirations of the Cypriot Greeks (two-thirds of them are acknowledged to be illiterate) to what they are pleased to call reunion with Greece. This is an old question dating back to our occupation of the island under terms of our Convention of June 4th, 1878, with Turkey, since when certain political parties from Athens have never ceased to agitate to have the island annexed to Greece, although, when in 1915 our Government adopted a hole-and-corner policy of offering it without consulting Parliament or the nation to Greece as an inducement (bribe !) to it to throw in its lot with the Allies, that offer was Providentially refused.

From a military point of view it would be a very grave error of judgment to place the future destiny of Cyprus in the hands of a weak Government, as in all probability in the next, and let us hope final, great war of the world, it will, from its very position, lying in the bight of the Anatolian coast of Asia Minor and situated at a distance of some seventy miles from Alexandretta, the most vulnerable point on the Constantinople-Baghdad railway, and only 200 miles from the Suez Canal, constitute as grave a menace to our oversea supremacy at the Eastern end of the Mediterranean as Heligoland has proved in the late

Map of Cyprus, showing its position to the coast of Asia Minor.

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War in its Western theatre. Let us have no more of these cessions of " strategic " points to other nations, who are with us to-day, but may be against us to-morrow. Mr. Gladstone added the Ionian Islands to Greece to placate Greek sentiment, and we all know to what purpose Corfu was put by the Kaiser, with the collusion of the then Greek Government, as a base for hostile submarines operating against our line of communications with Egypt and the Far East. " Fore-warned is fore-armed." *Beati possidentes.*

As this question is bound to come to the fore in the near future, it is thought that a slight sketch of the past history of Cyprus and its future developments may prove not uninteresting to the readers of the " Overseas " journal. If not, I apologise.

Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean, being inferior in size to Sicily and Sardinia, but larger than either Corsica or Crete. Its area is about 3,700 square miles, or a little larger than Norfolk and Suffolk together. Larnaka, one of its chief ports of entry on the southern coast, lies about 1,000 miles east of Malta and 200 miles from Port Said. Its population is roughly 295,000, of whom four-fifths are Greeks and the remainder Turks, but in classic times supported a population at least four times as great.

From ancient writers we learn that Cyprus was first colonised in the far-off, dim, mysterious past by the descendants of Kittim, son of Javan, son of Japhet, who settled and founded the ancient Citium at a period so remote that the island was connected probably by a narrow isthmus with the neighbouring coast of Syria, and it appears to have received its name through the Greco-Phœnician population, who called it Kypros, which is believed to have been derived from the Hebrew Kopher (*Henna Lawsonia Alba*), a plant which is found in great abundance, and much used in the East for purposes of the toilette.

In the almost constant wars that were waged in ancient days for the mastery of Syria, Egypt and the adjacent countries, Cyprus must, from its strategical position, have been an object of fierce contention, and doubtless its possession was as hotly contested as ever Port Mahon, at the other end of the Mediterranean, was in our own wars with the French in the eighteenth century. Hence it is that we find traces throughout the island of so many past civilisations, which have each in their turn played their little part in the world's great drama, then vanished, leaving nought behind but a broken column, or perchance a tomb, to mark where once had ruled the Hittite of Abraham's time, the Egyptian Pharaoh, the Assyrian, the Greek, the Phœnician, the Roman, the Arab, the Venetian, and, lastly, the Turk—for all have borne sway in turn.

To those approaching Cyprus from the south, coming, say, from Alexandria or Port Said, the first glimpse of the island is somewhat disappointing, particularly in the neighbourhood of either Limasol

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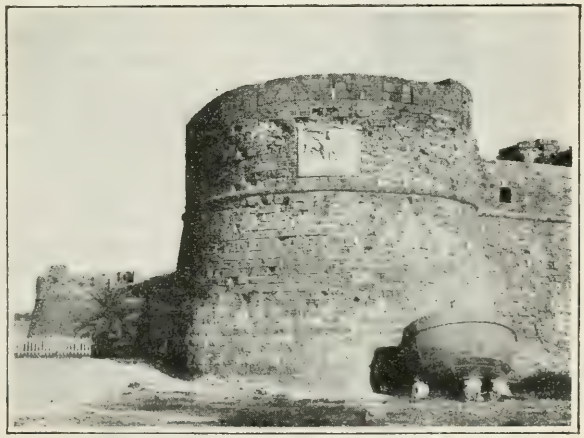
or Larnaka, two of the principal ports, which are, after all, only open roadsteads under the lee of the island. Here the coast-line is flat and uninteresting, rising gradually in a series of foot-hills to a height of about 500 feet, beyond which is seen at some thirty miles distance the hog-backed range of Mount Olympus, which is not at all imposing as seen from the sea.

If we land at Limasol, there is not much to detain us in the neighbourhood, but it is interesting to an Englishman as having been the scene of the marriage of our lion-hearted Richard to Berengaria of Navarre, and her crowning as Queen of England by the Bishops of York and Evreux on May 12th, 1191.

Richard was on his way to the Crusades when his fleet was dispersed by a storm, and three of his largest ships were driven upon the coast, and their crews and soldiers robbed, maltreated and thrown into prison at Limasol by Isaac Comnenus, a nephew of the Greek Byzantine Emperor, Andronicus Comnenus, who was their Governor or "Duke" of Cyprus. Isaac also, with gross treachery, tried to obtain possession of the person of Berengaria, but in this he failed, and Richard, landing his knights and men-at-arms, defeated the Greeks in the Messaria Plain, took Isaac prisoner, and carried him off to Syria, where he died in prison.

Eventually Richard sold Cyprus to Guy de Lusignan for 60,000 besants, and he was the founder of the Lusignan line of kings, which ruled over Cyprus for three centuries, until 1474, when Jacques III. dying an infant, his mother, Catherine de Cornaro, a lady of one of the oldest Venetian families, surrendered the island in 1489 to the Republic of Venice, in whose hands it remained until its final subjugation by the Turk in 1572. It is strange to think that Cyprus was once before in its varied history an appanage of the British Crown.

Cyprus is now, and always has been, a great wine-growing country. The wine country commences about seventeen or eighteen miles out of Limasol, where we are already some 1,800 feet above the sea, and a few miles further on, on the road to Troodos, we come to Peripedia and the factory



Othello's Tower, Famagusta, Cyprus.

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which was built by the Cyprus Wine Company, 2,660 feet above the sea, and here the climate becomes distinctly that of the temperate zone, dog-roses and blackberries growing in profusion on the hedges, while the apple, the apricot, the plum, and similar fruit come to great perfection.

I know of no more charming spot in summer time than the pine forests on the summit of Olympus, with its glorious atmosphere and lovely views across the blue Mediterranean to the snow-capped Taurus Mountains on the Anatolian mainland. No wonder it was ascribed by some as the abode of the gods in classic days, or that Venus Aphrodite rose from the Paphian Sea in the neighbourhood of Paphos (now the modern Baffo), where the remains of a temple still exist which was sacred to her worship.

Space will not permit me to say anything about Nicosia, which has been from the earliest times the principal town in the island, and fain would I linger to tell something of its former prosperity and magnificence, of its famous siege and assault by the Turks in 1570, when thousands of the inhabitants were put to the sword and the city delivered up to pillage. Neither will it permit me more than a passing glance at Famagusta, which is now connected with Nicosia by a narrow-gauge railway, and which, since the construction of the present harbour in 1906, has become the principal port of entry. It is a most interesting old place, full of memories and ancient churches, and the Gothic Cathedral of St. Nicolas, now used partly as a mosque and partly as a place of Christian worship, testifies to the architectural taste of the Lusignans in the Middle Ages. It was in Famagusta that the hapless Desdemona is traditionally supposed to have fallen so innocent a victim to the jealousy of Othello.

Much has been done during the years of our occupation under its many able administrators, beginning with the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, to improve the conditions of the island in every way, but it is not yet "the garden of the East" that the first High Commissioner promised it should become. Now that it has been annexed, it is in a fair way to become so, provided the Cypriots on their part will only play the game, and not allow themselves to be led away by self-seeking party politicians to agitate for incorporation with Greece.

And we, too, should remember that it forms an important link in our chain of "gates" round the world, by which the safety of our far-flung British Empire is ensured, and, if I may be allowed to paraphrase the motto of the Club in conclusion, I would say :—

"We sailed wherever ship could sail,
Well grounded in the faith,
That Britain's star will never fail
To guard us from all fears of scaith."

A. O. G.

On Zoos

By H. J. Massingham

[*Unless a zoo is planned to allow each animal to live out its life under conditions most closely approximating to its natural environment, it defeats its primary purposes. The following reflections on zoos from Mr. H. J. Massingham's able pen will give our readers some new points of view on the whole question.—Editor.*]

On Zoos.

THERE are really three kinds of zoo—dead zoos, half-alive zoos, and zoos of full, passionate, joyous life—the zoo, that is to say, of the free, "self-determined" animal kingdom, the zoo of the animals and birds which play out their appointed parts in the greenroom of Nature as she, author and stage-manager in one, ordained it so to be. Nor is this stage likeness a fantastic one. When Darwin bounced his theory of evolution upon the scientific world, he was at once denounced as a godless materialist. We are wiser now. We begin to see that Nature in the workshop of her living designs has but one sole and sovereign purpose, not only the perpetuation of life through millions upon millions of years, but the gradual intensification of that life, through the survival, not of the coarsest, but of the more intelligent, adaptable, independent and individual species. She calls, that is to say, upon all her living creation, precisely in the same way as a stage-manager calls upon his company of actors to play their parts to the utmost extent compatible with the mutual relations of the company as a whole.

And this, to begin with, is the ideal zoo, the zoo of the actual green world and the animals of beauty and happiness that live in it. Indeed, it is my own hope and belief that one day, it may be in some far distant future, we human beings will come to recognise that this last zoo is the only one really worth seeing and enjoying, and that, when that day comes, we shall consider it a kind of sacrilege, a kind of blasphemy both to our own high destiny as men and women and to the life purpose of the universe to maim, destroy and confine Nature's beautiful, living works of art. "They are links in a chain," as the great naturalist, Mr. Hudson writes, "and branches on the tree of life . . . and but for our action they would continue to flourish, reaching outwards to an equally distant future, blossoming into higher and more beautiful forms, and gladdening innumerable generations of our descendants." For, assuredly, the spirit of life will shoot forth brighter flames in ourselves, according as we reverence that spirit as it is manifested in natural forces.

This brings me to the first kind of zoo, the dead zoo, the museum or the collection of bits of skin and bone. I have no intention of

On Zoos.

wasting my readers' time over these cemeteries with their mechanical mockeries of bright colour, swift movement, and living intelligence, these ashes dully imitating the fire that has gone out. These sacred temples of the professor and the glass case, these altars of bad taste, fill me with gloom, so that I long to get to the windows, if I might see only so much as a dingy sparrow, so he were alive and free. What is more, I believe that the vast majority of ordinary people would agree with me, were it not for a kind of mysterious superstition or make-believe, which forces them to pretend to themselves that the professor is right and they are wrong and that, by humbly patronising these places, they are somehow advancing the noble cause of knowledge. If that knowledge means, as it does mean, the extinction of whole species which the world will never see again and can never replace, let us be content with our ignorance and come forth into the open air.

There remains the second kind of zoo, the most familiar of all ; it is one of the most popular of all institutions, because, in its clumsy and imperfect way, it ministers to the proper and universal desire of our common human nature to decipher the meaning of those strange and fascinating orders of being, which, though they share the world with us, are so little understood. I do not agree that the impulse which takes us to the zoo is merely that of vulgar curiosity. It is more intimate and magical than that, for it recognises unconsciously that, in spite of all the differences, we have some sort of kinship and affinity with the queer creatures and their diverse forms, brilliant colours, and seemingly non-human habits. The search for a closer understanding is the secret of a visit to the zoo, and, to my mind, it is the business of the zoo authorities to cultivate that desire in us, to guide it into the proper channel and give it its proper expression.

Monkeyville : A Zoo Improvement. The new Open-air Bath complete, with a high diving board on which one monkey is sitting trying to screw up his courage to jump in.

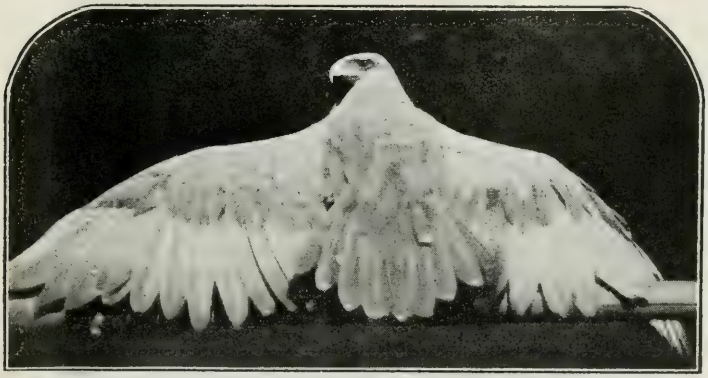
Now the way to understand any live thing whatsoever is to see it performing the natural functions of its daily life in its natural state.

On Zoos.

We are unable to understand what a lavender jay is like simply by seeing him sitting disconsolately on a perch, with a concrete floor below him, iron wire bars all round and above, with no room to fly, no greenery to retire to, no scope at all for displaying that delight in living which would so greatly stimulate all the bird's character and pleasure.

This is not the real exciting thing, we say ; it is not many degrees removed from the specimen in the museum. Nor, if we admit this, can we refuse to follow it out to its logical implications. We do not go to the zoo as to a gaol, to see what the prisoners look like in their cells. They will look merely dull. Therefore, to start with, a zoo should be a large place with but few creatures in it and each of those creatures from the smallest birdikin to the largest mammal should have enough room, enough concealment, enough imitation of the family residence of their kind of creatures, to give them the opportunity to live their lives as nearly as possible according to the laws of their nature. Otherwise the richest and proudest zoo is but an example writ large of human stupidity and cruelty, and they are not pleasurable but painful to the human spectator of them.

And as we widen our bars, so do we enlarge and multiply our pleasure. Our captives become our familiars. That day is not yet, but we can hasten it, especially when we reflect what an inestimable benefit the zoo can confer upon all lovers of wild life. For everywhere in the world our folly and blindness are exterminating that wonderful life, thrusting a wedge into the continuity of Nature's plan, and the zoo, because its principles run counter to such mad waste and destructiveness, because it saves and preserves, will be a most valuable aid in saving the world from that empty desolation which may be our inheritance to our descendants.



An Eagle with outstretched wings at the Zoo. An excellent photograph taken by Mr. G. F. Prior, 9, Lyndhurst Road, Higham's Park, Chingford.

The Conquests of Peace

By Colonel Arthur Lynch

The Conquests of Peace.

HE greatest enterprises of the world are yet to come. This is the main purport of my theme, for I believe that the more we sound the possibilities of our world, now dimly opening up into new reaches of civilisation, the more we will find that the scope and scale of human life will be enlarged.

Every age in turn has seemed to that which has followed it to have been the golden era of enterprise. After the discovery of the New World by Columbus, and the circumnavigation of the globe by Magellan, the great fame-winning prizes of discovery appeared to have gone. This epoch, however, was followed by an era of splendid romance, and the names of Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh live to remind us of those days of splendid daring and heroic achievement ; and so the tale has continued to our own time. Certainly the formal taking possession of the North Pole by Peary, and of the South Pole by Amundsen, closed up the list of the great geographical feats ; and many an ardent youth may have sighed, like an unfledged Alexander, that there were no worlds left to conquer. Meanwhile aerial navigation had been started, and then the Great War came to stir the pulses of the world anew. Men's thoughts have been directed to the military, political, or humanitarian aspects of that gigantic struggle, but there is another side to the question.

The War has been a great agitator of ideas. It has given a tremendous impulse to mental energy in various directions, and it will be generations before the full harvest of the thoughts and experiments of to-day is fully reaped. In casting a look upon history from a high standpoint, such that only the main great lines of development become visible, we see that many world's events have had consequences beyond anything that their promoters conceived. The great results of Alexander's expedition, for example, were not to be found in the establishment of a new Empire, but in breaking down of the barriers between Eastern and Western civilisation, and so even from that remote date preparing our modern world. The capture of Constantinople by Mahommet II., by scattering the Greek scholars over Europe, gave the key which opened the doors to the Renaissance. And so I believe that the results of this great War will be something more magnificent than the shattering of a military despotism, or the artificial carving of the map of Europe.

And now let us return to our panting youth, eager for great things, ready for great deeds, even for heroic sacrifice. I am afraid that I may chill him if I speak of the conquests of science, and I

From the Levant.

Photographs sent by Mr. F. Cusden, 84, Crone Lane, Denmark Hill.

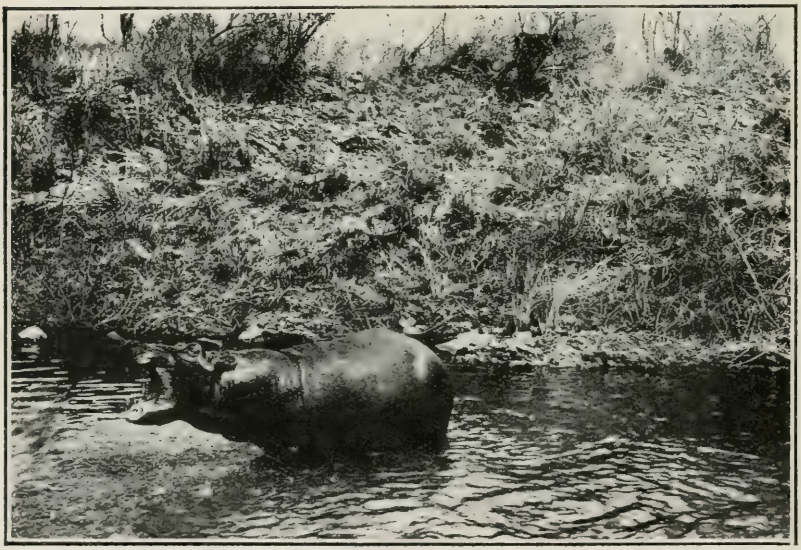
THIS MONTH'S PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.
Strolling Performers with their Dancing Bear at Fagamusta, Cyprus.

"In the Mysterious East." A Scene outside Cairo which will be familiar to thousands of our soldier readers.

The Beauty of the Wild.

Nature Studies from the Cape and from Rhodesia.

Arum Lilies growing wild at Mowbray. Sent by Mr. C. Smithers, Mowbray Hall, Rosebank, Cape Town, S. Africa.



Taken Unawares. A Hippopotamus having a splash. Sent by Mr. Percy Clerk, F.R.G.S., Victoria Falls, Rhodesia.

The Conquests of Peace.

will not delay overlong on that subject just now. Yet there is a marvellous domain there. In everything else that we do there is somewhat of the sense of the "already-seen," though dressed up in new forms; but in science there is that feeling of hearing mysterious secrets, speaking with the Unknown, sounding the Eternal. It was that spirit which made Julius Cæsar himself say that he would give all his conquests to know the source of the Nile, and to discover the cause of its regular yearly overflow. The domain of bacteriology alone is full of wizardry, and the man who can obliterate small-pox or cause phthisis to be known but as a bad record in history, may well attain a higher niche in fame than one who wades through rivers of blood to set up power on the old worn-out model. Or consider, again, a subject apparently so tame as that of the variation of the compass. This is due to the operation of causes the discovery of which would have vast material results, and in the contemplation of these wonders, Clerk Maxwell, one of the pioneers of wireless telegraphy, stood awe-struck.

Yes, but our youth is ardent; red blood courses in his veins; he longs for the open air. He respects the achievement of the bacteriologist or the physicist, but he grows cold at the thought of spending his life in a laboratory looking down the tube of a microscope, or burning the midnight oil conning equations. He is appealed to rather by the magnificence of the days of chivalry, when the world was flaunting with knightly deeds, and purple robes, dancing ostrich feathers, and shocks in the lists, with—and this especially—

"With stories of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize."

We must find something great and heroic, something that redounds in magnificence. Think of the possibilities of new explorations—the discovery of North-West passages, or North-East passages, by aeroplane! A lunch party, say, at the North Pole, followed, shortly after, by a jazz dance in romantic Ecbatana!

The construction of airships is in its infancy. . . . I saw the first kilometre flown in Europe. That was a wonder; but Farman flew about six feet from the ground, and looked like a man sitting on a cowshed blown away. Now within these few years we have the B 34, and another far bigger in construction, and a host of competitors for the trans-Atlantic marathon. But how about air-boats that will be as much superior to the aeroplanes of to-day as the ocean liner to the first steamship that plied on the Seine? Why not an air-boat of 20,000 H.P., or even 50,000? The very size would render it secure amid the variations of atmospheric density, and the parts could be calculated with a degree of mathematical accuracy relatively greater than is possible in our present tentative models.

The Conquests of Peace.

But let us leave that aspect of our theme as being too technical. Even the geographical resources have been explored only on certain lines. Think of the possibilities of Spitzbergen. We know there is unlimited treasure of coal there ; but what about the chances of finding silver, or gold, or radium ? May not some new Marco-polo venture there, explore, and return with wealth beyond the dreams of Crœsus ?

Here, in these British Isles, we have a population rising up to fifty millions jostling each others' elbows ; and yet, with good organisation and order and development, these small countries could contain twice that number. Look, then, at the vast tracts in Asia—Siberia, Turkestan, Tibet—capable of a development of which we cannot set the limits. There are tremendous engineering works to be undertaken there—or even, incidentally, much nearer afield, as, for instance, a tunnel between Ireland and England, or a canal joining the Mediterranean with the Atlantic. Out of a thousand other possibilities, I will suggest one more, and I will set the objective at once in the forefront. I say the time will come when Timbuctoo will become one of the world's great capitals, perhaps The World's Capital. Africa at large is an endless harvest field, of which mankind has gleaned so far only, in a desultory way, the first few offerings. The prospects of development are there endless.

Bagdad, of old a cow market, rose to be the most fascinating city of romance, partly because it marked the intersection of three great trade lines and because it was situated on the Tigris ; what shall we not say of Timbuctoo, the centre now of many caravan routes, situated on one of the noblest streams of the world, and backed by a great continent wonderfully endowed by nature ? I will not elaborate the picture, although I could work down to practical details, and indicate where the spade work should begin. I want to leave this new Timbuctoo as a vision, something that will be to Chicago what Shiraz is to an East End slum.

The Chicago girl said, " When Chicago takes hold of culture, she will make it hum." What, then, of Timbuctoo ? I am reminded of that which induced Grant Allen to plant his proposed great University in the same region—the exuberance of growth of all kinds, and that which is incomparable and unpurchasable, the glory of the skies. In no place else in the world do the stars look down with more lucid splendour than from the dark blue vault of night that spans o'er Timbuctoo.

I have only touched the fringe of the possibilities of new openings. I have simply desired to say to the ardent youth of the nation : Be of good heart, set your eyes to the visions ahead ; the world is still full of magic, ever deepening in power and intensity and there is work before you that will try your enthusiasm and energy to the full.

Developing British East Africa

By Earl Kitchener of Khartoum

[The second Lord Kitchener tells the readers of "Overseas" his plan of settling soldiers on the land in B.E.A. No section of the Empire has a greater future before it.—Editor.]

Developing British East Africa.

I AM obliged to you for allowing me to write to "Overseas" with regard to the prospects which British East Africa offers as a country for settlement to those of our soldiers who possess small capital.

The amount of capital required depends very much on the individual, but, granted that the land is free and the settler willing to live hard, work hard, and neither drink nor take risks, I consider that, if he starts with a capital of £500, he has a good chance of finding himself making £1,000 a year in ten years' time. Whether the soldier settler is prepared strictly to interpret the above conditions and to stick to them is for him to decide. Capital has been mentioned first—for it is only exceptional men who can expect to make good in British East Africa without it. But health is of especial importance for man, woman and child.

You will hear from almost all officials, and from most of the more healthy settlers, that British East Africa is not "a white man's country." Considerable pains have been taken to sift this statement, and from opinions received from the poorer settlers, and from numerous doctors, as well as from my own observation over a period of three years, I have come to the firm conclusion that in the Highlands it holds little water. I may mention that my only daughter is coming out to settle by the first opportunity.

Under existing conditions, the poor settler finds himself obliged to take up land at the "back of beyond," where it is free, or at least, cheap ; and, at first, owing to transport difficulties, he must grow crops whose value is high in comparison to their weight. Such crops are coffee, flax, and sisal, all of which give splendid returns upon the capital invested. Flax gives a quick return, coffee takes from three to four years to come into bearing, and sisal is cut the third year. Machinery is required for all three, so that for small settlers co-operation is essential. A sisal machine, to deal with 30,000 leaves in ten hours, costs in New York about £600 ; a small flax plant requires an equal outlay ; coffee machinery a good deal less.

Roads and machinery are drawbacks on one side of the picture; on the other you have boundless acres of virgin soil, an open-air life in an ideal climate, and a better chance of obtaining a steady supply of native labour than the fortunate individuals, who, in the early days, paid little or nothing for vast tracts of land on the only railway.

It is proposed, as soon as sufficient names have been received,

Developing British East Africa.

to approach the Governor with a request in the first instance for a free grant of land, suitable as to soil, rainfall and climate, for the production of the above-mentioned crops.

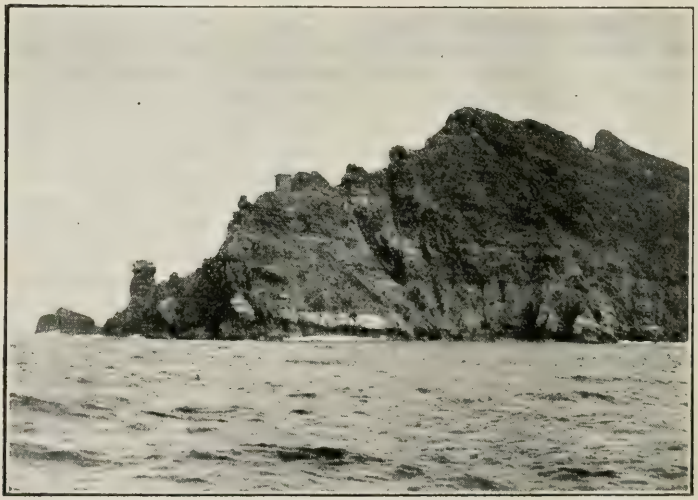
The size of this block of land will depend upon the number of settlers and the amount of their capital, the proportion to be roughly 10s. an acre for coffee, and 2s. 6d. for stock, development. When the settler begins to get a return from his land, it is proposed that the Government shall receive an annual tax.

It is hoped that a considerable number of soldiers on learning the Government terms, and possibly assisted as regards passage, will be out in British East Africa in about six months' time. Since the scheme is altogether co-operative, it will be up to them to form a committee to tackle the somewhat difficult task of dividing up the block into farms conforming to the requirements and capital of the various settlers. When the block has been so divided, the Government will, no doubt, require a guarantee before the various farms are allocated. Co-operation as regards machinery, communications, a club and recreations, etc., will follow as a matter of course.

Prospective settlers should write, stating service and available capital, to Lord Kitchener, Mombassa P.O., British East Africa, and they should mention if they are Members of the Over-Seas Club.

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

On the Nile, January, 1919.



Cape Point, the extreme end of Cape Peninsula, known to mariners as the Stormy Cape. Sent by Mr. J. C. Irvine, 171, Longmarket Street, Cape Town.

My Visit to Lille

Some of the Experiences of the first party of British Women to the devastated areas

By Hertha Chesshire

My Visit to Lille.

AT the suggestion of a member of our Central Council, Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., and at the invitation of the Mayor of Lille, the Over-Seas Club recently arranged for two groups of representative British women to pay a visit to Lille and its surroundings and to see for themselves the destruction wrought by the Germans and the steps which are being taken to repair the waste of war. I was lucky enough to be able to go with the first deputation, of which Miss Wrench was also a member.

There were nineteen of us in all, the twentieth, a South African, Miss Olga Racster, of the *Cape Times*, having succumbed to 'flu germs at the eleventh hour. A representative from Cooks had the arduous responsibility of piloting us safely to our destination, so we had none of the usual worries of continental travelling.

We had hardly any time in Paris. Miss Wrench and I spent our evening discussing plans for the Paris Branch with Mrs. Sims Bailey, our energetic H.C.S., and the next morning we were up betimes to catch the 8.5 at the Gare du Nord. The Paris-Lille line had only been open to civilian traffic a month, but already it was possible to obtain a delicious lunch on board, one which was doubly appreciated by the members of our party, as our turn to be served did not come until 2.30 in the afternoon.

It seemed a very short distance from Paris before we came to signs of bomb and shell destruction, and we realised afresh how dark those days in 1914 had been when the enemy was marching on Paris by the speed with which the actual War zone was reached. Other signs were eloquent, too—for instance, the shabby little wayside stations, from which the last remains of paint had long since disappeared, reminded one that it was nearly five years since painters and carpenters had been able to ply their peaceful trades.

Montdidier will always remain a very special memory to me, for it was here that we saw our first trenches and quite definitely left the land of spring behind us and entered a barren tract where spring held no sway and desolation seemed the only reality. From our cushioned carriages, with all comforts of civilisation fresh upon us, we watched the endless procession of twigless, leafless, bark-stripped trunks, twisted into a thousand fantastic shapes, such as Rackham would delight in to illustrate some goblin-haunted land. In between these distorted stumps the rain-filled shell-holes mirrored burnt rushes and grasses in their stagnant green waters.

My Visit to Lille.

At times one saw a few feet of jagged wall and half a window frame —all that was left of the once happy home of some woodcutter and his family. Along the line were piles of rubble, of rusty barbed wire, hand grenades, cartridge and shell cases, half-buried helmets, pickaxes, bits of tattered cloth, and all the *debris* that goes to make up a battlefield. Occasionally we rolled through the ghost of a village. A few apathetic black figures might be seen here and there in some of them, but they only added a further note of tragedy. For where amongst the heaped-up piles and skeleton frameworks could there be a dwelling-place for any human being ?

And over all there reigned a silence which made itself felt, almost made itself heard—not the ripple of a pool, not the flutter of a leaf, not the chirp of a bird. It was like some terrible nightmare from which it was impossible to shake oneself free. Almost instinctively one listens for the sound of a bursting shell, or the sight of a helmeted head popping out of the muddy trenches.

It was outside Miraumont that we suddenly heard a long, rumbling sound, and the train, never making great speed, jerked itself to a standstill. We were not alarmed, but finding ourselves at a standstill for a time in No Man's Land went souvenir hunting, helped by some friendly doughboys. It was a wonderful moment, first setting foot on what one could not help feeling was sacred ground and trying to imagine what it must have felt like to have lived in such bleak lands for month after month. There were endless things to examine, and many heart-burnings as to which of all the treasures we found we should carry away with us as a memento. If we had followed our inclinations I tremble to think how we should have all got home, but in most cases wiser counsels prevailed and we reluctantly confined ourselves to one or two small souvenirs. On returning to the train we found that the breakdown had been caused by a delayed mine fuse exploding on the line in front of us. The up train had passed over it two minutes before, and its weight had probably shaken it to the surface. We had been saved from annihilation by a bare five minutes !

The line being destroyed for many yards, we had to retrace our steps and go via Amiens, Abbeville, Etaples, and St. Pol. We made slow progress and darkness settled around our train—the only living moving things in that land of gaunt shadows. The food was exhausted and, with all our multifarious impressions and experiences, so were we, but we were sustained by the thought that our journey must end some time and that a bed and not a dug-out or trench was awaiting us.

When we finally reached Lille, and bundled out into the dimly-lit station, we were greeted by the cheery town major, M. Bernard, whose fluent English was a joy to our sleepy ears—no need to exert our brains further. Arrived at the Hotel de L'Europe, we

found a cold supper that would have graced a county ball awaiting us. We all thought better of our desire for bed after we had seen the good cheer, and I am afraid our British appetities must have caused quite a scandal to our French hosts. It was not until 2.30 a.m. that Miss Wrench and I went up to our comfortable room and found, joy of joys, that it was provided with a spotless bathroom and hot water that never failed. **My Visit to Lille.**

At first sight Lille does not appear to have suffered very much. The bombardment was only spasmodic and, whatever the hardships the occupation imposed on the people, it at least saved their town from destruction. It is true all the bridges were blown up just before the evacuation, and the Hotel de Ville and several houses were burnt, but, fresh from such sights as Albert and Hazebrouck, it seemed wonderfully preserved to us. Not a single portable brass or copper fixture was left in our hotel, and it was interesting to note the various expedients by which the electric light was hung. The Kaiser had slept in the room next door to ours—a huge double-bedded room for which he had paid 3.50 frs. a night ! I wonder how Manchester manufacturers would like to work under the conditions that prevail in the "Manchester of France." Not a motor to be hired for love or money, hardly a telephone in use, posts unbelievably erratic and slow, telegraphs the same. The trams are slow, too, being drawn by miserable little ponies, as the Germans cut off most of the electricity. These are only some of the obvious difficulties which affect the most casual visitor ; what others there are for business men I should not like to inquire.

"Les Dames Anglaises" had caused quite a little excitement in Lille, as the local papers wrote us up very thoroughly, so no one minded answering questions and giving us all the information we required. Stories of the occupation reflecting on the Germans were of course common, but the chief impression one carries away is the dreadful pangs of hunger from which one and all suffered. It was a common sight, we were told, to see well-dressed men and women picking up crusts from the gutters—not a drop of milk was to be had for the children—meat was 82 frs. a kilo., sugar 22 frs., and other things in proportion. We were told heartrending tales of the starvation of the British prisoners of war. Many of the French risked imprisonment to smuggle some fragment of bread to these poor men, of whom a great number died during their captivity.

But the real tragedy of Lille is the sufferings of the youth of the town, who were torn from their homes at a moment's notice and sent to work in far distant fields under the most bitter conditions. Three of us, under the guidance of a very courteous Lilleois, whose name I have forgotten, went one afternoon to the poorer quarter of the town to talk to some of the actual deportees (poor and rich were deported alike, but we did not have time to talk to everyone).

My Visit to Lille.

We climbed several narrow, steep stairs that afternoon and always found ourselves in spotlessly neat and gaily furnished little living rooms where the family, often consisting of three generations, was ready to welcome us and after a little sympathetic questioning to pour out the tale of wrong. From one family it was a daughter and son who were selected. The daughter in her neat black dress, white apron and beautifully dressed hair would have graced any surroundings. Her face showed patience and fortitude such as one rarely sees. The son looked pale and thin. They told us their story, typical of many others, from that April morning at three o'clock, when they had been rudely awakened by the German soldiery and given a quarter of an hour in which to prepare themselves, till that glad day when at last the family, after eight months' separation and over four months' complete ignorance as to each other's welfare, were finally reunited. One woman we visited is the admiration of all her neighbours, for, during the eight months of her captivity, she never did a stroke of work for her captors. After a time they grew tired of sending her to prison and feeding her on black bread and undrinkable coffee, and took the first opportunity of washing their hands of her. We felt she was lucky not to have met with even severer punishments, and admired her undaunted pluck when the odds were so heavy against her.

A visit to the Palais des Beaux Arts was on our programme, and even the most inveterate museum hater could not have failed to enjoy it. The curator who took us over it was a most interesting man, with his whole heart and soul in his work. What a terrible time he must have lived through ! Sixty bombs fell on the Musée at different times, and the Germans gave out that they were dropped by the British. "In the interests of Kultur," therefore, it became necessary for the best of the collection to be sent to the Fatherland for safety. The curator was a man of resource—in modern language a "wangler." It is due to him that to-day everything the Germans took from his Musée is back once more, though of course certain pieces have been damaged in transit. Some of his more beloved works of art, however, never left Lille at all. For instance, he palmed off a replica of the famous Tête de Cire (Renaissance) as the original. He also gave out that many valuable works of art had been lost in the fire of the Hotel de Ville, where he alleged they had been put for safety. In reality he had other far safer hiding places, but the Germans, believing them destroyed by fire never instituted a search for them. We were most interested in a fine old bell found near La Bassée, evidently dropped by the Germans in retreat. Inscribed on it was the legend that never should it ring until Alsace-Lorraine was restored. As soon as the original owners of the bell are found its chimes will now soon be heard.

A RUTHENIAN BRIDE.

Sent by Miss C. M. Harris, Box 66, Saltcoats, Sask.

* *

The Whaling Industry, B.C.

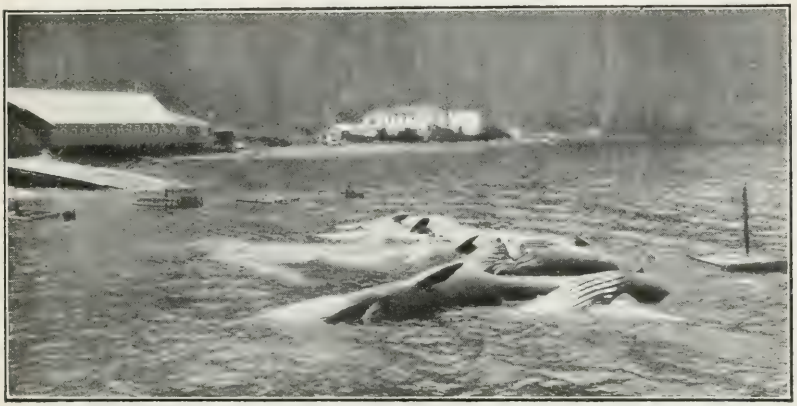
Sent by Mr. W. F. Wilson, Dewey Avenue, Honolulu

Steamer waiting at the Wharf for its Cargo of Oil to be taken to Vancouver.

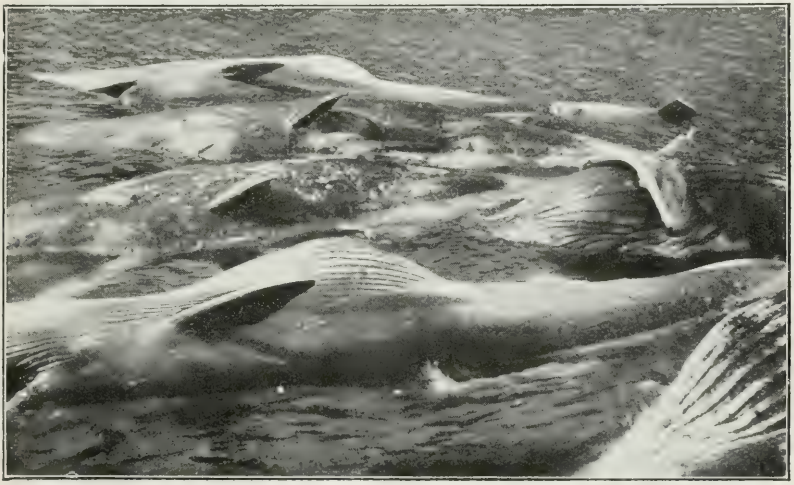
Cutting up Whale Meat preparatory to Canning at Kyuquot, Vancouver Island, B.C.

Leviathans at Close Quarters.

A Splendid Haul lying in Kyuquot Whaling Station, Vancouver Island, B.C.



A good View of the Whaling Station, showing six Whales ready for cutting up.



A nearer View. These excellent photographs are sent by Mr. W. F. Wilson, Dewey Ave., Honolulu.

A Little-Known Republic—Colombia.

Two Photographs from Colombia. Sent by Mr. L. Astwood, Santa Marta, Rep Colombia

A View of beautiful Santa Marta, which claims to be the city of the oldest foundations south of Panama.

The pale green of endless Banana Trees is a familiar sight near Santa Marta. Bananas need rich, moist soil and are grown very successfully in Central America.

My Visit to Lille.

One afternoon we visited the Poullier-Longhaye Mills and saw a specimen of the systematic destruction of industrial France which the Germans carried out so ruthlessly. This particular factory used to occupy 700 hands and was run on most up-to-date lines with an excellent plant, some of which was as much as 800 horse-power. Into this hive of industry the Germans brought 100 professional house-breakers armed with sledge hammers and huge wedges of iron. The smaller machinery was soon smashed to atoms, but, as the powerful frames of huge power wheels and similar constructions proved too tough, holes were bored in the ceiling, and, by means of improvised cranes, chunks of massive iron were hurled on the resisting machinery. The zinc was torn off the roofs, and what remained of the plant was left to the mercy of the elements. It will cost 12 million frs. to replace the machinery in this one factory alone, and there are very many factories at Lille.

There is no room to tell more about our stay, of our reception by the editor of the *Echo du Nord*, who presented us all with roses and a copy of the first paper issued after the triumphant entry of Birdwood's troops ; of the cordial and most delightfully informal reception of the deputy mayor, M. Crêpy, whose charming daughters often accompanied us on our expeditions and gave us all the local colour we wanted ; of our visit to the French schools and playgrounds, where the happiness of the children proved that they at least had already forgotten their past hardships ; of the talks with friendly Tommies, who were as delighted to see us as a friendly breeze from Blighty. When I look back and think how much we crammed into the comparatively few hours we spent at Lille, it seems a marvel to me how we got it all in.

Every morning, rain or fine (and it was mostly raining except one day, when it snowed !) a large army char-a-banc drew up outside our door, in charge of two British chauffeurs, with whom we soon became on a very friendly footing, and one of whom confided to Miss Wrench that it was as good as seven days' leave to be driving British women again ! Into this char-a-banc we all packed, much to the edification of the street urchins, settled our cushions and rugs, stowed away our picnic lunch, and started off in good heart ready to face all the jolting and bumping which we knew to be inevitable. The battlefields have been described by many of the ablest writers of the present day, so I will not attempt to give my impressions of them here.

It was the return of the refugees to their homes which interested me most. The majority of them were women, and it was wonderful to see how spotless and well groomed they appeared and how philosophically they accepted their sufferings. All had grown used, it appears, to living herded in one room, to walking miles to purchase

My Visit to Lille.

simple necessities, to toiling to clear the little bit of ground and build the little shanties under the wettest of skies—and indeed the weather has not been kind to these poor refugees this spring. At Lens already 1,300 people had returned, and there was an unexpected little butcher's shop to be seen. Behind the net or oil paper windows fresh white lace curtains appeared. Many of the little houses were made entirely of sheets of tin of every shade, forming a camouflage which was artistic in its general effect. Houses, which appeared to be more hole than brick were patched with oil cloth and roofed with sheets of tin, and one trembles to think of the bitter wind piercing through the many chinks to the brave little family within.

We paid our first visit to an estaminet (of which there are a surprising number, even in the most desolate quarters) at Locon, a village which boasted 1,300 inhabitants before the War, of which 500 had then returned. There were five French workmen having their glass of mid-day beer, and at first sight it seemed as if they, filled the whole of the tumbledown room. And yet nineteen of us, with two French guides and two chauffeurs, all had a seat for lunch, a glass of black coffee, and, those who wished it, a glass of beer ! It is true that some of the party drifted into an outhouse, where a blacksmith was plying his trade, but I think there were at least twenty of us at one time (counting our hosts) seated on barrels, logs and stools with the greatest of comfort. By the way, though far from any source of supply and though we were the proverbial "rich" English, both the beer and the coffee were three sous a glass—a notable example to profiteers.

We wondered where the family—two little sons, a grown-up daughter, and the mother—could sleep. The mystery was solved when we were shown a ledge close under the slanting roof, where there were a few blankets. Up to this perch the family mounted by a ladder at night—it would not even have been possible to lie at full length—and the marvel of it all to me was that they all looked remarkably healthy, and the daughter's hair was dressed in a style to please the most fastidious coiffeuse.

There is no space left in which to tell of our adventures on Vimy Ridge, where Miss Wrench and I explored our first dugout, clambering down over boulders of mud into the dark unknown, and at the bottom finding ourselves standing in a little iron chamber whose walls dripped perpetual moisture—a pitiable refuge from the shell-swept land above, of our visits to La Bassée, Bethune, Arras, Ypres, Messines, Souchez, Neuve Chapelle, all names which bring with them a host of memories.

It was a memorable week, and one which we shall never forget.

News from Headquarters

By the Assistant Editor.

" Overseas " Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from Headquarters.

SNAPSHOTS WANTED.—" Overseas " is quite insatiable when photographs are concerned, and we cannot help feeling that out of the enormous percentage of our Members who must possess cameras, not one-tenth have yet contributed their best snapshots to our paper. We have some most delightful friends who rarely write to us without enclosing some print, and I can assure you the editorial heart warms to them !

The illustrations of " Overseas " are part of its unique charm, and there are few places in the world which have not been represented among them. Though our standard must necessarily be a high one, we do hope this will not debar the most amateur photographers from sending along some specimens of their " snaps." To keep " Overseas " supplied for even a twelvemonth is quite an undertaking, as you will realise if you note the number of photographs which appear in one issue. Please help us by sending silver-prints of anything you think might interest us, and try and put yourself in the place of those readers who have never seen your part of the world, and yet would like to get a clear idea of what it looks like.

* * *

CIVIC FAREWELL TO CANADIAN TROOPS.—In collaboration with the Canadian Trade Mission, the Over-Seas Club has succeeded in arranging for a civic reception to be held in Edinburgh as a farewell to the Canadian troops. A representative body of some 600 soldiers and 30 officers are taking part, and Edinburgh will have a

[Poy, "*The Evening News.*"

The Smile on the Face of the Tiger.

News from Head-quarters.

chance of giving them a really hearty send-off from the Mother Country. Our Special Commissioner, Mr. W. Davies, together with a preliminary staff party, has already left for Edinburgh to arrange the details, and the troops will follow to-day (Friday) and will remain in Edinburgh until Sunday. We all feel that this will be a very pleasant way of bidding the troops farewell and that the Canadians will be grateful to the Mayor and Corporation of Edinburgh for their hospitality.

* * * * *

OVER-SEAS CLUB TOBACCO FUND.—A summary of the Over-Seas Tobacco Fund for the past fifty-four months ending on March 31st, 1919, is just to hand. Australia leads the way, having made 28,864 individual collections, amounting in all to over £81,500. The donations from other parts of the world are as follows: U.S.A. over £22,000, Canada over £16,000, Africa over £9,000, Europe over £5,000, Asia over £4,000, South America over £2,000, Central America over £1,500. The total contributions amount to £284,386, and the total number of subscribers are quoted at 995,126. Including the Belgian Fund, the amount we have collected for tobacco for the troops and the navy is over £400,000. Our Tobacco Fund will not definitely close down until the Army of Occupation is demobilised, and we are glad to see that generous subscriptions are still coming in week by week.

* * * * *

A PATRIOTIC COMPETITION.—At the third annual general meeting of the Eltham Branch a very excellent competition was inaugurated, which we hope will prove a great success. Mr. C. W. White, the President, offered a prize to the Member who could rope in the largest number of new Members this year. If every Branch were to inaugurate a similar competition there would be a wonderful increase in Members before the year is out. The Eltham Branch has now 134 Members, and the success of their activities is very largely attributable to the work of Mr. W. Ross, the Secretary. Excepting perhaps the Dunedin, we may safely say that Eltham is the most energetic of our Branches in New Zealand. It is up to other New Zealand centres to challenge this claim.

* * * * *

WAR MEMORIAL PLANS.—Until we have at least £25,000 in hand we do not wish to definitely commit ourselves to any plans for our War Memorial building. The size and scope of any scheme is entirely dependent on the subscriptions we receive, and it is not possible to formulate definite plans at present. A large-hearted suggestion has been sent us by Mr. N. S. Williams, of Honolulu, who writes : " I would not confine the memorial to those who fell under the British flag alone—there are numbers of Britishers who fought under French colours, under the Stars and Stripes, and

possibly under other flags. They all gave their lives for the same object, they left their Overseas, and were either British subjects or the sons of Britons. They should be, it seems to me, entitled to such recognition as this memorial is intended to provide, for the purpose of recording for future generations that Britons the world over came voluntarily, and in their thousands, to the defence of those ideals which the British race revere."

We have pleasure in assuring our Members that every British subject who fought for the Allied cause, no matter under what banner he fought, is entitled to a place in our Roll of Honour.

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THE SECOND MONTHLY LUNCHEON.—Our second monthly luncheon took place at the Connaught Rooms on May 7th. Major-General Seely, the Under-Secretary for Air, was the guest of honour, and, owing to Lord Milner's unavoidable absence in Paris, Mr. Wrench took the chair. About 200 were present, including representatives from all parts of the Empire. Lord Rosebery is reported to have said that after-dinner speaking may be described "as a prolonged harangue by a man who does not want to say anything, addressed to people who do not want to hear him." Nothing could have been farther from the truth on this occasion. General Seely's intimate knowledge of every branch of the Air Force made the speech interesting and instructive, and when he got up and combined humour and light banter with inside information every one was delighted.

In the course of his speech he informed Mr. Andrew Fisher, High Commissioner for Australia, that as deaths from flying were calculated to be only one in about seventy thousand miles, statistics would make it appear that he should be able to fly backwards and forwards to Australia at least three or four times without mishap!

These luncheons are a most successful institution, and they form an excellent rendezvous for the London Members.

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SOUTHAMPTON WAKES UP.—Mr. E. W. Blew, our H.C.S. at Southampton, has been unwell during the past two years, but he is now fully recovered and has determined to do all he can to form a local Branch. He has already obtained ten Members in two days' campaign, and we hope Southampton may soon follow Liverpool's example and set up a flourishing Branch.

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OUR TITLE.—We have not yet received many entries for our competition to provide a one or two-word comprehensive and good title for our movement. You will remember that a prize of £5 has been offered, and that the competition is open till the end of the current year. Most people agree that the title is too long,

News from Headquarters.

but they find it hard to suggest adequate substitutes. Mr. W. Steel Boyce, Vice-President of the Saigon Branch, feels that it is important that the word "British" should be incorporated, as the Club is so essentially a British institution. What do our Members feel on this point?

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THE WAYFARERS, co-operating with the Gilbert White Fellowship, recently spent a most delightful afternoon visiting the Temple Church and halls under the guidance of Dr. Martin, President of the Fellowship. This was the first of these joint expeditions, and judging by its success, it is to be hoped that it will not be the last. Thanks are due to Miss Dunton, Hon. Sec. of the Fellowship and a member of the Wayfarers, and to Miss Ward for the excellence of the arrangements. The Wayfarers were delighted to welcome some fifty of the Fellowship afterwards at tea at the Club, and only regret that owing to the limitations of space they were unable to invite the whole party. Dr. Martin, in a cordial speech, thanked the Club for its hospitality, and Miss Wrench, in replying, expressed our great appreciation of Dr. Martin's most interesting lecture. The aim of the Club is to co-operate with all existing societies of this kind rather than to form fresh organisations on its own account.

* *

LECTURES AT HEADQUARTERS.—Since the last issue of "Overseas" we have had two extremely interesting lectures at the Club. Professor Sefton Delmer, the well-known University lecturer and newspaper correspondent, has given his impressions of "Present-day Conditions in Berlin." Professor Delmer lived in Berlin for several years before the War and returned there as soon as the Armistice was signed. He therefore has an accurate knowledge of the true state of Germany's internal affairs. Personally I unfortunately had to miss the lecture, being away in France, but every one

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

AS HE SHIVERS INDOORS IN HIS OVERCOAT FOR LACK OF FUEL —
HOW THERE CAN BE ANY TALK OF CHAINS OF BONFIRES TO CELEBRATE PEACE!
I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO BURN SOMETHING — I BELIEVE I'VE GOT ONE MATCH LEFT — I'LL LIGHT THAT!

[*Daily Mirror.*

What Mr. W. K. Haselden thinks of our Peace Bonfires!

News from Headquarters.

tells me how wonderfully interesting and enlightening it was as to the psychology of the German people.

A fortnight later Major Noel, F.R.G.S., gave an illustrated lecture on Mount Everest and its surroundings. Major Noel has probably approached nearer to Mount Everest than any other white man, for he got within thirty-five miles of its base. He had much of interest to tell us about his journeys through the Tibetan plains. We wish him good luck when he returns to the Himalayas in the autumn of this year.

* * * * *

MEMBERSHIP LIST.—We shall soon be preparing our Membership List for 1920, and if Members have any ideas as to how the list could be made of greater value we should be interested to receive them. One suggestion has come from Mr. F. Willis, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who thinks it would be a good idea to provide space for the names of Members who are in business, giving full particulars of their lines of export and import, their full postal address and their chief references. He feels that this would do a great deal to promote British trade, and would also help to carry out our golden rule of helping one another. We should be interested to have the opinions of our readers as to Mr. Willis' suggestion.

* * * * *

A PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION.—An interesting social development at Headquarters is the inauguration of a Photographic Club. The moving spirits are Mr. Llewllyn Maddick, Mr. Arthur Bower and Mr. S. Dean. The idea is to organise Saturday rambles to some of the many pretty spots near London, when each rambler should bring his or her camera or sketch book. Those who are interested should write to either Mr. Maddick or Mr. Bower for further particulars. Or if they come to the Club on June 10th, they could attend a meeting to discuss ways and means, which is being held at 5 o'clock.

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OUR ADVERTISERS.—Each month we are making our advertising pages more complete by enlisting the co-operation of a wider range of first-class firms ready to supply the needs of overseas customers, both wholesale and retail. May we beg of our readers to help to make our advertisers our life-long friends and supporters by ordering supplies through them and mentioning "Overseas" when writing. This is a very practical way of helping to build up our magazine on solid foundations.

* * * * *

A PARIS BRANCH OF THE CLUB.—Plans are on foot to start a branch of the Club in Paris, where, judging by the enthusiasm of individual Members, and, above all, of Mrs. Sims Bailey, the ener-

News from Head-quarters.

getic Hon. Secretary, who has done so much selfless work to promote our cause, it should fill a very distinct want.

During his recent visit to France Mr. Wrench met and discussed plans and problems with Mrs. Sims Bailey, but was unable to address a meeting, so Miss Wrench took his place, and spoke to a little gathering of Members, who had been invited to meet her at the house of the Embassy chaplain and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Blount. We are very much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Blount for their kindness in this matter, and for putting themselves and their charming house at our disposal, and we feel sure that, with their help and that of the Consul-General and a band of workers imbued with the same enthusiasm as Mrs. Sims Bailey, the Club, before long, should make itself felt.

Miss Wrench outlined the aims and objects of the Club, and what it stood for, and gave instances of its various activities in different parts of the world. In Paris she pleaded that the hand of fellowship might be extended to lonely women Members, and that some definite work for others should not be forgotten in the programme. Mr. Blount promised to call a public meeting with the aid of the Consul-General, and to form a committee, and expressed his opinion that the branch might rise out of the ashes of the Leave Club, which, in the nature of things, was approaching its demise.

Miss Wellburn, who originally joined our ranks in Holland, and has since been to London, and is now in Paris, emphasised the use and happiness the Club had been to her. Mr. Redmond Ryan also spoke, and the rest of the afternoon was spent by Miss Wrench in endeavouring to answer questions from the interested listeners.

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THE CENTRAL COUNCIL.—We have much pleasure in announcing that Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E., has just become a Member of the Central Council.

NEW BRANCH AT KRONSTADT.—Congratulations to all the moving spirits at Kronstadt, whose activities have resulted in what we feel sure will prove to be an extremely successful branch of the Club. Seven of the Members held a little committee meeting on March 1st to discuss plans, and, realising that the first essential was to form a good nucleus, each of the seven Members pledged themselves to "rope in" six new Members before many days had elapsed. Within a fortnight each of the seven had fulfilled his promise, and the membership, originally only thirty-two, was therefore more than doubled. The office bearers for the current year are as follows: Patrons, Mr. A. E. Leary (Resident Magistrate), Major Gent; Hon. Treas., Mr. Hoseason; H.C.S., Mrs. F. C. Leary.

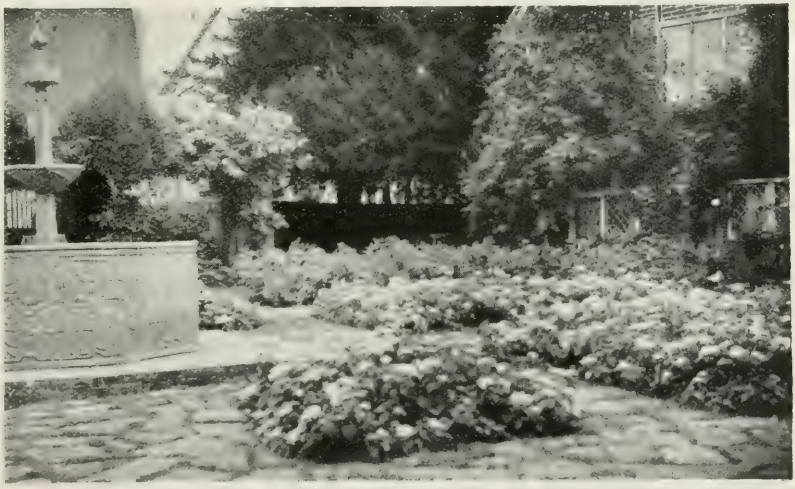
Already the new Branch has undertaken the organisation of the Peace Bonfires, for the Kronstadt district, and it is arranging a social, which is to be run on patriotic lines. We shall look forward with interest to hearing further news from Kronstadt by the next mail.

ADEN.—It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of Mrs. P. P. Patel, whose husband had so kindly consented to act as H.C.S. in Aden

An Old-fashioned Garden in June.

Sent by Mr. H Macdonald, "Hesley," Coleshill Road, Teddington, Middlesex.

A Berkshire Cottage as it stood in the time of Queen Bess, half hidden under its June burden.

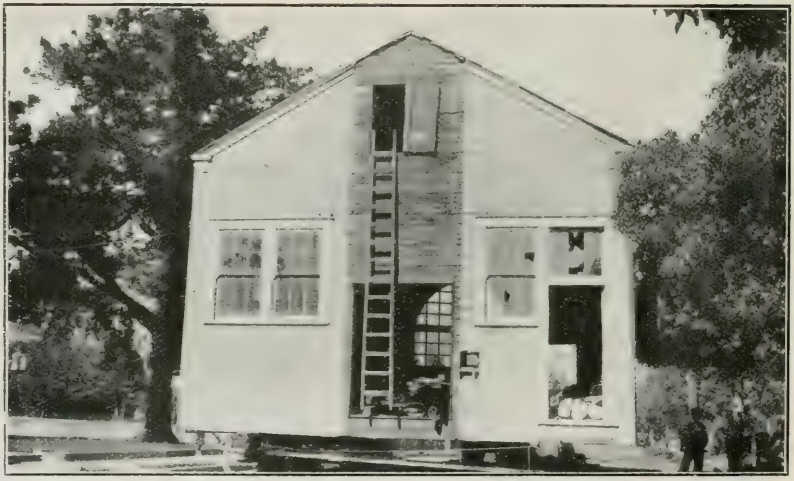


The Dutch Garden in front of the Cottage, showing a wealth of summer flowers.

Moving House in California.

Sent by Mr. J. McKay, Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A.

Oak Park Fire House being moved bodily to a new site.



The Back End of the Oak Park Fire House. Snapped while on the move. House moving by steam roller will be a familiar sight to many of our Overseas Members.

News from Head-quarters.

during Mr. S. P. Patel's absence in Bombay. Mrs. Patel met with a bad motor accident, in which she was instantly killed, while Mr. Patel himself had his left arm badly fractured. Our sympathy goes out to all the family in this sad time. Mr. S. P. Patel had returned to Aden for a time, and in the midst of his sorrow is still carrying on the work of the Club for us.

GERMISTON.—Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Tonkin ; Secretary, F. A. Westfield (in place of Mr. C. F. Quentin). Membership, over 300.

Germiston is one of our most satisfactory Branches, and the executive officers are to be warmly congratulated on the excellent way in which they conduct its affairs. By the last mail we received a batch of 115 renewals. Mr. Tonkin, the Treasurer, writes : "You may be sure that this Branch is not going to sit down and wait for things to come to it, but will be up and doing." All the Transvaal Branches work in close co-operation, and we hear that Mr. A. E. Thistleton, Chairman of the Johannesburg Branch, is organising a Club picnic, comprising Members and friends of all the Branches of the Club within twenty miles of Germiston. The picnic is to be held either at the Germiston Lake or the Boksburg Lake, both of which are famous beauty spots.

LIVERPOOL BRANCH.—The Liverpool Branch held an interesting meeting in the Town Hall one day in May. The Lord Mayor presided, and Sir Gregory Wade, the Agent-General for New South Wales, gave an excellent speech on "Australia, the Great Outpost of the Empire." Mr. J. G. Legge (Director of Education) and Mr. Edwin Thompson, both members of the Liverpool Executive Committee, also spoke.

Miss Wrench is giving a lecture to the Liverpool Branch actually at the time of writing, describing her visit to the devastated areas, about which you will read on page 59.

Secretary, Miss G. Turnley, 34 Buckingham Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

MANAOS.—There is hardly a patriotic fund in Great Britain to-day which has not been in personal touch with the Manaos Branch. Though only numbering thirty Members, its generosity exceeds that of many of the larger centres, having subscribed £1,373 during 1918. At present the Committee are as follows : President, D. Brown, Esq. ; Treasurer, W. A. Penny ; Secretary, Alexander Macrae ; Committee, Messrs. A. Macfarlane, F. Higson, S. W. C. Russell, A. R. S. Hore and A. J. Billett.

MALAGA, SPAIN.—The Malaga Branch has a very excellent record behind it. The Members have subscribed generously to various patriotic funds and have invested large sums in War Saving Certificates, besides helping their Spanish friends to do likewise. We learn from Mr. L. E. Colville, Secretary, that they are now out on an active campaign to rope in every British subject in the province. They are also raising funds to provide Club rooms of their own this year, so that they may be in a position to organise social gatherings and thus bring the Members of the Club more closely together with a view to greater unity of action locally. Such a Club house would also be a boon to the crews of the British ships calling at the port and other British visitors. We wish Mr. Colville and all his helpers the best of success in their efforts.

SEOUL, KOREA.—During 1918 the Seoul Branch, consisting of 132 Members, collected more than £1,500 for various patriotic purposes, an excellent record. The names of the Members of the Committee are as follows : President, Mr. A. H. Lay, C.M.G. ; Chairman, Mr. H. W. Davidson ; Treasurer, Mr. N. B. Morton ; Secretary, Mr. P. B. Brown.

We have not yet heard the result of their annual general meeting held

News from Head-quarters.

early in April, but Mr. Brown is not very hopeful that it will be possible to increase the Membership, as the British community, small as it has always been, is gradually diminishing owing to the numbers going on leave now that the War is over. We hope that the individual Members will counteract the effects of a small Membership by redoubling their activities.

CANTON, CHINA.—We regret that our H.C.S., Mr. W. Darch, is obliged to resign his post as local Corresponding Secretary owing to press of work. Mr. Darch has always been a very good friend to the Club at Canton. The post is now to be filled by Mr. H. H. Sandeman, who is ready to throw himself wholeheartedly into the work. The Canton British War Funds Committee has contributed generously to the Overseas War Memorial Fund, having issued a special circular appealing for support to all its subscribers. We look forward to having excellent results from this quarter, and hope that rather than dissolve now that their war-work is accomplished, the C.B.W.F.C. will ally themselves with the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League.

HONAN, CHINA.—The Honan Canadian Branch of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League has a Membership of forty-one. We feel that they may be justly proud of the number owing to the fact that there is no British community in their neighbourhood other than the Honan Mission, and practically every Member of that Mission is a Member of the local Branch. They are expecting the return of fifteen of the staff of the Mission with their wives soon, so the Membership of the Branch will swell correspondingly. In spite of the isolation of the British community there, they have already collected over £60 for our War Memorial Fund. We feel that the Honan Branch has more than justified its existence and has done work for the British Empire of which it may well be proud.

SAIGON, COCHIN CHINA.—As usual, the Saigon Branch celebrated "Our Day" by a series of entertainments and lotteries organised on behalf of the British and French Red Cross Societies, and St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind. We were asked to allocate the donation of £3,762 between two of these charities, and this sum represents only a half of their collection, the other half having been presented to the French Red Cross. Such a result cannot fail to win warm congratulations from all other Branches. Secretary, Mr. E. A. Ferrier.

The Saigon Branch is ready to link up with any other Branch that would like to correspond for the interchange of ideas, and we hope that some enterprising Branch will soon get into touch with it.

JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL.—The progress of the Johannesburg Branch, since its inauguration in 1916, has always been steadily upwards. Its chief sponsors are Messrs. A. E. Thistelton, A. J. Anderson (from Benoni), and S. Knight (from Boksburg). Fifty or sixty ladies and gentlemen attended the inaugural meeting, and the membership is now 523 strong. One of the most satisfactory things about the Johannesburg Branch is that it works for and with other Transvaal Branches and not just for itself alone. The Branch is responsible for the collection of nearly £6,000 in less than two years, and it never misses an opportunity to keep the interest of the Club well to the fore and to provide useful outlets for the energy of its Members.

OPORTO, PORTUGAL.—Mr. Arthur D. M. Turner has been our very good friend at Oporto for a long time now. In spite of ill-health he has raised over £100 for the War Memorial, and is out to collect a sufficient amount in order to enable us to dedicate a room in the Overseas Building to the Oporto Branch. Oporto had over 100 Members.

HERTHA CHESSHIRE.

The Overseas War Memorial

By E. W.

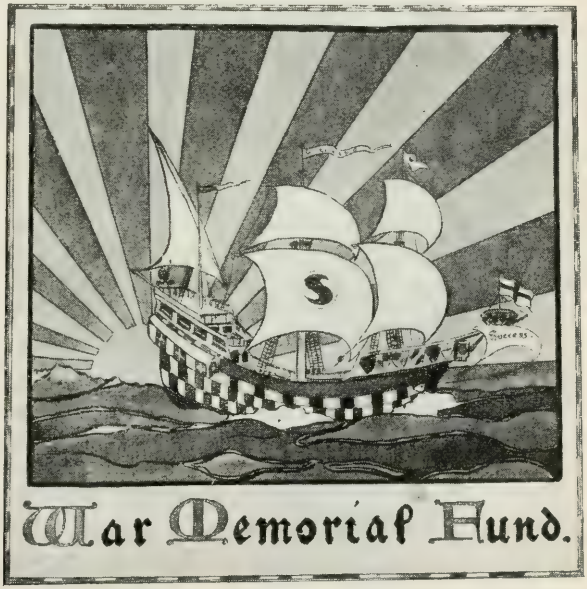
The O.S. War Memorial.

LITTLE over a year ago we inaugurated the Overseas War Memorial, and up to date we have received nearly £12,000. The sum required is £150,000, and we hope, now that peace is in sight, our kind friends overseas will all lend a hand with the task of helping to provide in the heart of the Empire a suitable tribute to our splendid men who died in their country's service.

Our Memorial, however, will be more than mere bricks and mortar—it will be a living thing, for from it will be directed all our various work for the welfare of our Commonwealth. So far we have received contributions and promises of help from some 3,500 of our Members, and satisfactory though the response has been we are not satisfied. We want every reader of "Overseas" to add his or her name to our band of workers. Our ideal would be that every Member should provide one or more bricks. We should like to reach £50,000 by Christmas, but we shall only achieve our object with your help.

On August 27th the Over-Seas Club will be nine years old. If you believe in all that "Overseas" stands for, will you send us a birthday present in memory of the men who answered their country's call? We want our Over-Seas Building to be a home for all from across the seas when visiting the old land.

ONE HUNDRED MILES ON HORSE-BACK. — "I rode about 100 miles on horseback to collect my £7 for the War Memorial Fund. I aimed at £10, but I was suddenly taken ill and had to give up the collecting."— Charles E. G. Hatton, "Coetyeeskraal," P.O., Siberia, Lordrecht, Cape Province, S. Africa.



An original design for the Cover of a War Memorial Booklet sent us in colour by Miss K. Jacques, Orlingbury Hall, Wellingborough.

The O.S. War Memorial.

NOVEL USE FOR WAR MEMORIAL STAMPS.—"My idea, when I get more War Memorial Stamps, is to affix one on each novel I lend or give away, as these, in time, pass through many hands in a community like this, and will be the means of bringing the Memorial to the notice of many. I wish we could purchase the O.S. symbol in this form for notepaper heading and envelopes, similar to that printed on Headquarters stationery."—Reginald M. Copnall, 1341, Calle Paz, Cordoba, Argentine, S. America.

[*The O.S. symbol in form of wafer can be obtained from headquarters.*]

COMING HOME.—"I can promise you, however, £50 before next Empire Day as an offering towards the Memorial Fund. I hope to be able to get home on leave this year, now that the War is over—if we are not at war with the Bolsheviks within the next few months—and intend, if I get home, to pay you a visit."—R. Savile, El Fasher, Darfur, Sudan.

ALL SWAZILANDERS.—"I desire my gift to be recorded as in memory of all Swazilanders who made the sacrifice."—A. Q. Mordaunt, Bremersdorp, Swaziland.

92ND PUNJABIS.—"I desire my gift to be recorded as in memory of officers, 92nd Punjabis, killed in action."—Major H. L. Houghton, c/o King, King & Co., Bombay, India.

ALL WHO DIED FOR ENGLAND.—"I desire my gift to be recorded as in memory of all who died for England."—M. L. Tranmar, Calle San Martin 333, Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. America.

BRITISHERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—"I desire my gift to be recorded as in memory of Britishers from South America."—Charles H. B. Ayre, National City Bank of New York, Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

CAUGHT NAPPING.—"I have had two books of O.S. Mem. stamps, and please send me ten more, for which and the previous two I enclose 12s. When these arrive we can go ahead. I am afraid I caught you napping, as you had not Mem. stamps on your last two letters to me." J. Meagher, The Over-Seas Club, Warrenton, C.C., South Africa.

[*We fear that Mr. Meagher has got us this time!*]

A LIVING TRIBUTE.—"I very much admire the scheme, and am following it with the greatest interest. I hope to see it the 'living tribute to the men who have fallen.' And all that that stands for."—J. C. Collins, Holborn Fontabelle, Barbados.

A NOBLE EFFORT.—"My elder son, 2nd Lieut. G. H. Whyte, R.F.C., was killed in action, and I should like my subscription to be recorded to his memory. I also wish you success in your noble effort to raise a monument to those who by their sacrifice have made this world a fit place to live in, and who also kept our glorious traditions clean."—J. Whyte, Florida 264, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

MOST UNIQUE.—"There will doubtless be many War Memorials to the poor chaps who 'went west' in the great conflict, but I think the Club's will be most unique, as it will be truly representative of our Great Empire, being subscribed to by British subjects throughout the world."—W. E. G. Nicholas, c/o The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Vonda, Sask.

NEAREST BANK—300 MILES.—"I shall not fail to contribute to the War Memorial Fund too, but the nearest town with a bank is about 300 miles away and communications not at all satisfactory; now in about two months' time I have to proceed to head office in Rio de Janeiro. From there I shall forward my cheque to you."—G. W. Ingleden, Nina Dr. Paulo de Frontin, Crescinma, State of Santa Catharina, Brazil, South America.

FOR OVERSEAS PEOPLE.—"I gladly enclose a contribution towards the building which will constitute the Overseas War Memorial. I hope that it will be a Club to which overseas people who cannot afford to

OVERSEAS

join one of the old-established London clubs will be able to go, though I suppose that to provide proper accommodation for such in the future the building would require to be a very large one indeed."—C. Thorne, 157, The Peak, Magazine Gap, Hong Kong, China.

LIST No. 15.

	£	s.	d.
The Pernambuco Branch (79 members), *per* Gilbert Linton, H.C.S., Pernambuco Branch, Pernambuco, Brazil, South America	160	6	3
The Algiers Branch, *per* Major F. A. Walker, Hon. Sec. the Patriotic League of Britons Overseas, Algiers	81	11	2
W. R. Haywood, Casilla Correo, 363, Asuncion, Paraguay	61	12	5
The Yloilo Branch, Yloilo, P.I. (sent by H. B. Foster, Hon. Sec.)	59	6	9
F. J. Bardens, W. B. Cunningham, F. Larkins, Mr. Moss, A. Paton, Thompson & Hannam, W. C. D. Turner, A. Schusterowitz, W. Winning, *per* The Patriotic League of Britons O.S., Dairen Branch	55	4	0
Tangier Branch, Morocco (John M. Berutich, Hon. Sec.)	50	0	0
John Chambers, Mokopeka, Havelock North, Hawke's Bay, N. Zealand	50	0	0
C. E. Orpen, New England War Fund Committee, Avoca, New England, C.P., S. Africa	50	0	0
Per W. Neal, H.C.S., c/o The Lautaro Nitrate Co., Ltd., Taltal, Chili	30	18	3
From the members of Honan Canadian Branch, *per* Hugh McKenzie, Weihweifu, Honan, China	30	18	11
L. Cooke, H. Cooper, G. H. Park, Mr. Baumbach, *per* M. E. Rice, Esq., Mafeking, C.P.	33	3	0
Montreux-Vevey Branch, Montreux, Switzerland (Capt. O. R. Brush, Sec.)	30	0	0
From the Tientsin Branch, *per* William S. Sims, Tientsin, China	25	0	0
Anonymous	25	0	0
Sent by S. Harris, Iquitos	23	10	0
Canadian Women's Club, *per* Mrs. H. N. McDonald, 901, 4th Street, S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.	21	9	0
J. Whyte, 264 Calle Florida, Buenos Aires ("*In memory of 2nd Lt. G. H. Whyte, R.F.C.*")	20	0	0
W. D. Ross, Samarang, Java	20	0	0
Benoni Branch, *per* A. J. Anderson, Benoni, Transvaal, S. Africa	17	5	0
H. Bathurst, H.C.S., Amoy, China	16	4	0
Per W. A. Birrell, H.C.S., Casilla 263, Cochrane, Valparaiso, Chile	10	0	0
C. K. Walbaum, Valparaiso	10	0	0
Per G. A. Stringfellow, Casilla 105, Talca, Chile	12	6	8
W. Dalzell, H. M. Walcott, of Zent, *per* Francis G. M. Lynch, San Jose, Costa Rica	10	0	0
E. Barker, Mr. & Mrs. H. J. Glass, E. C. A. Dunn, Esq., Mrs. E. W. Fitchford, Miss Sinfi L. D. Fitchford, Miss E. M. Ray Fitchford, E. W. Fitchford, Esq., *per* E. W. Fitchford, Esq., Honan, China	11	14	0
Edmund H. Arnsby, 346 Rua Pinheira Manso, Oporto, Portugal	11	0	0
E. Molloy, Custom House, Kiukiang, China ("*In memory of my son, H. E. Molloy, Lieut. 2/1 Bucks. L.I.*")	10	0	0
Mr. Wong Kwong, Yangtse Engineering Works, Ltd., Hankow, China	10	0	0
W. E. Richards, 2, O'Connell Street, Sydney, Australia. ("*In memory of* 1280, *Lce/Cpl. Roy Richards, 5th Aust. Machine Gun Coy., enlisted 24th February*, 1915, *died 26th November*, 1916,			

The "Overseas" War Memorial Scales.

The dial shows over £11,000 collected, of which £1,229 was received last month. We have still a long way to go before reaching the desired total of £150,000.

The O.S. War Memorial.

	£	s.	d.
from gun-shot wound in chest, at Southmead Military Hospital, Bristol, England, and 19132, Bombardier W. E. Richards, 107th Howitzer Battery, 7th Aust. Field Artillery Brigade, enlisted 3rd January, 1916, killed in action 24th June, 1917, at Ploegstreet, Armentieres")	10	0	0
L. G. Robinson, Hotel Bellevue, Sierre, C. d. Valais, *per* O. R. Brush, Branch Sec., Montreux, Switzerland	10	0	0
The Magellan Branch, Punta Arenas, S. America, *per* G. A. Fugellie, Hon. Sec.	7	6	4
Per J. G. Muirhead, Anglo-South American Bank, Rio Gallegos, Argentine, S.A.	6	9	0
Per Miss Nellie Nisbet, Lundazt, Northern Rhodesia	6	7	0
Jane Gibson, 39, East 63 Street, New York City, U.S.A.	6	0	0
R. C. Coppock, S. S. Wolfram, c/o Messrs. Wm. Thomson & Co., Leith	6	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. G. F. Taylor, 83, Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.	5	8	3
Chas. H. Collett, Dunblane, Clareno, S. Africa ("*In memory of Eric Raymond Goble, of Bethlehem, killed in Flanders 20/9/17*")	5	5	0
D. Abbey, c/o Brillersfield and Swire, Hong Kong, China	5	5	0
Amy E. Alder, 237, Beaufort Street, Perth, W. Australia	5	5	0
The Hon. Arthur M. Myers, Wellington, New Zealand	5	5	0
Major B. T. K. Markham, Boshoff Street, Peitermaritzburg, S. Africa	5	5	0
D. G. Cooper, Napier Road, Poona, India	5	0	0
W. Saunders, c/o Reiss & Co., Hankow, China ("*In memory of A. J. Saunders*")	5	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. D. R. McEuen, c/o Bank of China, Canton, China	5	0	0
W. A. Alexander, H.B.M., Consulate-General, Canton	5	0	0
O. W. Darch, c/o Asiatic Petroleum Co., Canton, China	5	0	0
Charles Lockwood, 654, Calle Rivadavia, Beunos Aires	5	0	0
Arthur H. Jeffreys, Delegate Station, Delegate, N.S.W.	5	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Royds, *per* Hon. Treas. O.S. Club, Korea Branch, Seoul	5	0	0
Kendal Dawson, Oficina Alianza, Uquique, Chile	5	0	0
William Church, P.O., Box 45, Vladivostock, Eastern Siberia	5	0	0
A. E. Ridgway, 16, Rue Halevy, Paris	5	0	0
Tessie B. Mackie, Pension Tiefenau, Steimviesstrasse, Zurich	5	0	0
H. M. Drummond, & Mrs. C. H. Drummond, Chuquicamata, Chile	5	0	0
F. W. Laslett, Magnet Heights, Dist. Lydenburg, Transvaal ("*In memory of Garnet D. King, South African Scottish*")	5	0	0
Reuben Dunsford, Lowell, Massachusetts, U.S.A.	5	0	0
Mrs. Harrison & T. Harrison, Fassifern, Papanin Road, Christchurch, N. Zealand ("*In memory of Lieut. C. Geoffrey Harrison, 1/4 attached 2/5 Batt. York & Lancaster Regt., who lost his life at Bourlon, Nov., 1917*")	5	0	0
D. Shaw, S. S. Vasna, B.I. Engnrs. Club, Bombay, India	5	0	0
Mrs. W. D. Townsend, Raven Spring, P.O., Spring Valley, Tarkastad, C.P., South Africa	5	0	0
Miss C. D. Pelly, 1040, 16th Avenue, W. Vancouver, B.C., Canada	5	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. John Barber, Chiao Tso, Honan, N. China	5	0	0
B. V. Barton, Seoul Mining Co., Holkol, Korea	5	0	0
J. Rigali, Iron Duke Mine, Glendale, S. Rhodesia	5	0	0
A. Lebrun, Tananarive, Madagascar	5	0	0
C. I. B. Beckett, Mautotara, Te Araroa, N. Zealand	5	0	0
	£1,144	0	0
Total of sums received under £5	85	10	8
Acknowledged last month	10,569	1	9
	£11,798	12	5

We want the help of each reader of "Overseas" so that we can—

(1) Erect in the heart of the Empire a building dedicated to the memory of the men of the Old Country and overseas which will be devoted to the interests of British subjects from across the seas for all time.

(2) Draw closer in the bonds of comradeship British subjects in all parts of the world.

The money in hand is invested in War Bonds, and a balance-sheet of the Overseas War Memorial Fund will be prepared by our auditors, Messrs. E. Layton Bennett & Co., 81, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., and a copy sent in due course to every subscriber.

On Furniture and Furnishing

[*We are anxious to develop our Home Maker's section and make it of great value to our women readers in all parts of the world. We have been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Mrs. Ernestine Mills, a well-known authority on all matters pertaining to the home. Mrs. Mills will be delighted to receive criticisms or suggestions from readers, while as already stated, all senders of "Best Way" tips are entitled to nominate a friend to receive six free issues of "Overseas."—Editor.*]

"Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough!
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff." *

The Overseas Home-Maker.

"DON'T set on that chair, she'll let 'ee down for sure. My missus do set wonderful store by her, she be that antikew—but no one marnt set on her."

That old chair takes up a large share of the space in the tiny cottage parlour of a country neighbour of mine. It is an enormous piece of furniture, very ugly, covered with old woollen material, moth eaten, stained with the dirt of generations. Dry rot has evidently attacked its dropsical carved legs, it is useless, ugly, and insanitary, but by reason of its age it fills a space which might hold a practicable seat, and is reckoned precious by its owners. This curious worship of old things, merely because they are old, is by no means confined to unthinking cottagers—among people of every class this prejudice in favour of old things largely prevails, even quite apart from the question of association, which can, of course, be understood, however inconvenient the consequences may be.

So far as furniture is concerned, it is surely primarily important that we should desire the kind of home our children will like, not the kind with which our remote ancestors, or even our grandmothers, were content. Women are supposed to be more responsible for the furnishing of our homes than men, but hitherto very little furniture has been designed by women. Most of us have had to be content with what manufacturers have chosen to supply, and

* Can any reader give the name of the author of these lines?

The Overseas Home-Maker.

manufacturers have too often merely continued to copy old models, quite regardless of modern needs and altered conditions.

The principal points to consider in choosing furniture are : fitness for purpose, ease in cleaning and moving, honesty of workmanship, good proportion, and the absence of unnecessary superimposed ornament. If we can satisfy ourselves on these points, we shall find it difficult to get an ugly or useless piece of furniture.

It is also important that we should induce manufacturers to make furniture in proportion to the size of our rooms. At present a tiny bedroom, for example, will be crowded with furniture of the same size as that supplied for the largest room in the house. There is a tradition that no dressing-table or washstand should be less than three feet in length, regardless of the size of the room for which it is intended. A dressing-table two feet in length gives quite sufficient accommodation in a small room. At a distance of eighteen inches a mirror twelve inches wide gives ample reflection—the total width of a man's shoulders. Were furniture available in these proportions we could avoid that air of congestion in small rooms which is so uncomfortable.

Fitted cupboards, if made when the house is built, add very little to the cost, and do away with the need for cumbersome and expensive wardrobes. But see that your cupboard is taken right up to the ceiling ; a shelf and two extra doors at the top provide an excellent home for hats, and this does away with one dust trap—the top of a wardrobe, which is out of reach, and, consequently, seldom cleaned. If you must have a wardrobe, do not choose one with a cornice which is put on separately and forms a deep receptacle for dust, nor one with a cut-out plinth so low that it is impossible to sweep beneath it, it should either be right on the ground, or raised at least six inches.

Now that the war is over we ought all to be on our guard lest, after a period in which we have hoped for an era of simpler and more beautiful ways of living and furnishing, manufacturers will attempt to again thrust upon us all those cheap gimcrack goods which during the war have happily to a great extent disappeared from our shops, because Germany has not been permitted to foist them upon us. In our anxiety to " capture German trade " we ought to be quite firm in resisting any attempt to copy goods for which there is no real need, simply to show that we can produce them. With regard to furniture and fittings we must try to make manufacturers realise that the modern woman wants her home to be beautiful, convenient, and easily cleaned. She does not want it to be a museum of over-ornamented, highly-polished, cumbersome imitations of antiquity.

I should like to describe two London rooms, which I have seen within the last few weeks, to illustrate my meaning, both rooms of

about the same size, and in houses of about the same rent. The first had long windows opening on to a garden, the floor was of narrow oak boards, polished, the walls covered with a plain paper the colour of *café au lait*, the paint white, which seems to me wise, for in towns we need all the reflected light we can get. A large Persian rug was before the fire, another in front of a simple oak writing-table ; the only other rug was a narrow strip under the long dark oak table which is used for meals, for the room is the chief living-room. In front of the long window, since little feet go often in and out, was a strip of rush matting, which, by the way, wears excellently well and is easily cleaned. A comfortable couch was covered with printed linen, with a gay pattern of red roses and green leaves, curtains of the same material lined with fadeless green cotton, hung on each side of the window. Round the room, at a height of about three feet, was an oak shelf, about six inches wide, useful to put a teacup on, or a book, or a doll, or a vase of flowers ; at intervals the space below was filled with bookshelves. A low oak cupboard in a recess, a couple of armchairs covered with green linen, and some rush-seated chairs were the only other furniture ; a few good pictures hung on the walls, and on the dark oak table was a large bowl of golden kingcups. That room looked homelike, it looked comfortable ; no one was going to worry about that room, it could be cleaned in an hour.

Now picture this other room—it was called a drawing-room, and belonged to quite an intelligent woman. It seemed very dark as I entered, although it also had long windows, opening on to a balcony. Because London is always darker than the country, the owner of this room had covered the floor, even unto its uttermost corners and underneath all its heavy furniture, with a carpet apparently made of thick black plush. The doors and all the paintwork were coloured a sad pea green. Long heavy velvet curtains, violet in colour, hung at each window, and beneath them trailed yellow lace curtains. An elaborate brass fender with brass fireirons was faced by a black fur hearthrug upon which sat two large black satin hassocks, all crinkled to collect the dust, and ornamented with pink rosettes. Over the carved chimneypiece was a mirror in a gilt frame, and up to the ceiling on each side of it were tiers of little gilt fretwork brackets, each containing alternately a cut-glass vase and a china figure on a lace mat. Regardless of the fact that her walls were green and her curtains mauve, this lady had all her furniture covered with shiny chintz in a blue, orange and green pattern, each colour being represented by a large amorphous growth the size of a cabbage—whether flower or vegetable was not clear. I counted seven "occasional" tables in this room, of different shapes and sizes, all obviously easily upset. One, a "silver table," was covered with all kinds of horrid little silver ornaments ; I saw

The Overseas Home-Maker.

none beautiful in workmanship or design, all seemed to be stamped or cast. There were silver pigs, wheelbarrows, boxes, cats, dogs, lizards, hats, boots, birds, filigree egg-cups, and so on, all highly polished, evidently constantly cleaned. They were not for the amusement of children, for there were none in the house, nor would these silver things have made good toys, being for the most part spiky and fragile. There was a great deal of furniture in this room—cabinets, sofas, rosewood writing-tables with curly legs, ottomans, chairs of every size, and palms on tall stands. The walls, papered with stripes of alternate grey and gold, were scarcely visible, for they were hung with Chinese plates, Indian feather fans, engravings, oil paintings, water colours, antique swords, medallions, brackets holding vases of dried grass—but my short visit did not allow me to notice everything. Just as my heart was going out in sympathy to the housemaid who had to clean this room, and the people who had to live in it, the door opened, and the lady of the house entered, seeming to completely fill what little vacant space there was. She said I was looking pale, and I longed to tell her that another ten minutes alone in her drawing-room would have reduced me to tears. I do not know whether the majority of my readers will sympathise with me, I shall be much interested to hear their views, and to receive any suggestions on the subject of furnishing.

The Best Way.

The Best Way.

MILK DIET.—Many invalids who are ordered to take quantities of milk find it a very monotonous diet. Here are a few ways of varying it which are not likely to be disapproved of by any doctor.

COFFEE JUNKET.—A gill of coffee, strained and clear, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a pint of milk. Mix the coffee, sugar and milk, heat until just warm, add a teaspoonful of essence of rennet, or dissolve in it one of the "junket tablets" which are sold by most grocers. Pour the mixture into a dish, or into glasses, and leave in a cool place to set. A little whipped cream placed on the top just before serving makes it look more tempting.

TOMATO SOUP.—Two tomatoes, a pint of milk, a sprig of parsley, a dessert spoonful of cornflour, pepper, salt, a little onion. Put the tomatoes, sliced onion, chopped parsley, pepper and salt into a saucepan with a little water, simmer for three quarters of an hour. Rub through a hair sieve, add the milk and cornflour smoothly blended, boil for seven minutes, stirring carefully so that it does not burn.

QUICKLY-MADE WHITE SOUP.—Two pints of milk, one onion, half a teaspoonful of sage, teaspoonful of mint and celery seed, half an ounce of clarified butter or dripping, a tablespoonful of cornflour, salt and pepper to taste. Boil all the above, except the cornflour, for ten minutes, then strain through a hair sieve, add the cornflour blended to a smooth paste with a little milk, and boil again for five minutes. It should be of the consistency of cream.

The Best Way.

ARROWROOT BLANCMANGE.—Four tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, a pint and a half of milk, the grated rind of half a lemon. Boil the milk with the grated peel, adding sugar to taste, strain it and add to the arrowroot, which should be first mixed to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Let it boil, stirring all the time until it thickens, pour into a greased mould. It can be served with compote of fruit or jam, or, for an invalid, can be served in a small shape turned out of a cup.

HOMEMADE SARDINES.—Wash three pounds of sprats and leave them to dry for an hour. Remove the heads and place the fish in a stone jar, adding a few bay leaves. Empty a flask of good salad oil into a saucepan, add a teaspoonful of salt, and stir until it boils. Pour the boiling oil over the sprats, cover, and tie down. In taste and appearance they resemble sardines.—Mrs. Batley, Fulham, London, S.W.

PRESCRIPTION FOR RHEUMATISM.—Salicine, 10 gr. ; Nux. Vom., 10 min. ; Aqua., 1 oz. One tablespoonful three times a day, half an hour after meals. The above quantity makes four doses. Twelve is generally sufficient for a bad case. The tonic of Nux. Vom. counteracts any bad effect the Salicine might have on the heart, and is, therefore, quite safe for any one with a weak heart to take. It is advisable to keep out of draughts, as it opens the pores of the skin and so throws off that which causes the inflammation of rheumatism.—Frank Hopkins, Dom. Exp. Station, Summerland, B.C.

SOFTENING BOOT POLISH.—Mr. C. W. Cohen, Gibraltar, has a large quantity of boot polish he wishes to soften. Put the polish in a jar, stand this in a saucepan of water and simmer slowly over a fire until the polish is thoroughly hot. Add turpentine, stirring carefully until it seems to be of the right consistency, pour off while still hot into small tins or jars.

TO WATERPROOF BOOTS.—Mr. A. Withers, 5327, Dorchester, asks for a receipe for real English dubbin for waterproofing boots and shoes. Take half a pound of tallow, quarter of an ounce lamp black, two ounces beeswax, and two gills of neatsfoot or castor oil. Put the ingredients in a basin, set in a saucepan of water over the fire, boil and stir until mixed thoroughly, pour into jars, cover with parchment. Another good receipe for waterproofing boots is made by melting together two parts of beeswax and one part of mutton fat. Apply overnight and wipe off in the morning. Boots treated with either of these preparations resist rain and snow.

FIGHTING MOTHS.—A. E. Shillam, Atbara, Sudan, seeks information as to the best way to prevent moths and other insects from eating and damaging clothes which are put away. To protect clothes from moths and other insects many remedies are suggested. A camphor-wood chest is invaluable, but not always to be procured. Failing this, the best way is to place a few pieces of Colocynth (bitter apple), or camphor, between the folds, and wrap the clothes in several layers of newspaper, leaving no openings or holes ; moths are said to dislike the smell of printer's ink. Then prepare your cupboard or drawer by painting it inside with ordinary paraffin, not, of course, allowing it to come into contact with the garments. The smell of the paraffin soon goes off, but it is said that neither moths or ants will walk over anything which has been treated with it. In Siam, where it is difficult to keep the dinner-table free from ants, we are assured that a rag steeped in paraffin tied round each table leg effectually keeps them away. For carpets or rugs which are infested with moth, cover with a damp cloth and iron with a very hot iron. This immediately destroys eggs, larvæ and moths.

ERNESTINE MILLS.

By A. St. John Adcock

My Month's Reading.

I WONDER whether the old men of to-day are such sordid, useless, out-of-date creatures as some of the young men think they are? They were blamed for making the war; they were blamed for continuing the war and sending the young men out to it; and now they are blamed for perpetuating squalid industrial ideals, retarding the spiritual growth of humanity and standing in the path of democratic progress. After all, the old men of this generation were the young men of a generation ago; and the young man of our time did not originate his own ideals, but took them over from old men who have grown old in teaching them. I know plenty of old-fashioned young men who are fully contented with the ancient order of things, with the petty ambitions, the social conventions of yesterday, and I know of no young man who, as a democratic thinker, is much in advance of old man Tolstoy, or old man Walt Whitman, to say nothing of others.

FLAWS IN SOCIETY.—Anyhow, they are hopeful signs, this general revolt against the evils of a state of things that made life too easy for the few and too hard for the many; this dissatisfaction with mere material prosperity; this desire for such happiness of the mind and spirit as money cannot buy; and so long as we are on the right road to the promised land it does not matter whether we are guided through the wilderness by a young Moses or an old one. What's wrong with the world and how what's wrong may be remedied are the argument of Gilbert Cannan's "The Anatomy of Society," and H. J. Massingham's "People and Things," and I strongly recommend both books to thoughtful readers of all ages; they help to explain and interpret the widespread unrest of the hour, and their vision of what must be done if the soul of humanity is to be saved and earth made more habitable is worth your serious consideration, whether you altogether agree with them or not.

"The fatal flaw of the present organisation of society," writes Mr. Cannan, "is that it raises into positions of control the wrong type of mind, and where foresight and imagination are needed provides cupidity, cunning, a narrow traditionalism, and, in a dangerous and terrible world, a mean hunger for safety, to be procured with the minimum of risk. This produces the curious inversion whereby property is regarded as of more value than life.

It is true, of course, that the accumulation of work done must be jealously safeguarded to facilitate the doing of work in the future, but at least an equal care should be taken for those who are to do the work. The airiest and most Utopian schemes to procure security cannot do away with the fact that there will always be rough and dirty work to be done in the world. The question is : Need those who do that work be so rough and dirty as to induce a habit of mind which regards them as of no account ? ''

REVOLT AGAINST MATERIALISM.—The common man is not so different from the uncommon ; he is demanding fuller education, more leisure to live, a better reward for his indispensable labour, more control over the business and government of the country that is his as well as his master's, provision for his mental and spiritual as well as his bodily needs. '' It is because there is such a movement in the mass,'' says Mr. Cannan, '' that youth, aware of it, cannot accept the society in which the aged take their pride. Great towns, railways, aeroplanes, airships, liners, warships, submarines, are all very well in their way, but the young men ask, do they or do they not intensify the adventure of life, or do they merely enslave millions for no particular purpose save to give a few men the apparent but fundamentally false pleasure of efficiency in organising work on the grand scale without ascertaining what the effects of such organisation are, except those which are recorded in a banker's ledger ? When young men look away from the ledger they see Manchester, Pittsburg, Johannesburg, Newcastle, Essen, Lille, South Wales, Glasgow—the squalor and misery with which they are filled, and the figures that so dazzle their elders have no gleam for them.''

ART AND HUMANITY.—In chapters on '' The Social Contract,'' '' Marriage,'' '' Women as Citizens,'' '' Science and Art,'' '' East and West,'' Mr. Cannan deals lucidly, forcibly, earnestly with the various aspects of his theme. I am not sure that you will not admire this book more than any of his novels ; you will certainly appreciate its breadth of human sympathy and its searching exposition of the faith, to which we all pay lip-service, that man cannot live by bread alone.

Read this, and '' People and Things,'' which looks to the same end and finds a way to it through a reconciliation of art and humanity. Mr. Massingham would break the spell of commercialism and free all who are enslaved by it ; he would bring beauty and pleasure back to the earth, and make these, and not the mere struggle with poverty or the piling up of wealth, the object of labour. '' It is not the joy of work we want, but the work of joy.'' '' Settle how to make work useful and creative and the use of leisure will settle itself. That is the object of a co-operative art.'' We shall

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get nowhere, he thinks, until people see that art is "the serious business of life." Mr. Massingham is an idealist, and, like most idealists, he sees farther and is more practical than the man who is not imaginative enough to have any ideals. His philosophy is the bravest altruism and the soundest commonsense ; he advocates no impossible Utopia—nothing but a decent world in which rational men may live rationally.

REMINISCENCES.—Not that the sorry old world we have left behind was without its compensations, and you have glimpses of some of them in McDonald Rendle's "Swings and Roundabouts" —the delightfully amusing reminiscences of a distinguished journalist who has known famous or obscure but interesting journalists, actors, actresses, politicians, and miscellaneous society or Bohemian people of his time, and has filled his pages with entertaining gossip and capital anecdotes about them. Reminiscences again, and reminiscences again going back well into Victorian days, are gathered by A. Alexander in "A Wayfarer's Log." Mr. Alexander was a pioneer of physical training and, in the way of business or pleasure, made acquaintance with a great variety of celebrities. Dickens, Kingsley, Jenny Lind, Gladstone, Chamberlain, King Edward VII., Lord Wolseley—these and a variety of celebrated actors, boxers, and other public characters figure in his pages. The book is a storehouse of pleasant recollections and capital stories.

A trio of good novels are "The Cow Puncher," a brilliant, glowingly picturesque romance of the wild west of present-day Canada ; "In the Morning of Time," which re-creates, with great imaginative power, the world as it was in the beginning when man first appeared upon it, and charms you with a tale of the love and wonder and adventure that came into the lives of those primitive folk ; and "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy," a deft, brisk, genuinely humorous story, with some clever character sketches and an ingenious farcical plot that makes for nothing but laughter and gets there all the time.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—General literature : "The Anatomy of Society," by Gilbert Cannan. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.) "People and Things," by H. J. Massingham. 6s. net. (Headley.) "Swings and Roundabouts," by T. McDonald Rendle. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.) "A Wayfarer's Log," by A. Alexander. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.) "How and What to Read," by Reginald R. Buckley. 2s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.) "The Contemporary Short Story," by Harry T. Baker. 6s. net. (Harrap.) "On the Edge of the World," by Edmund Candler. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.) Fiction : "The Cow Puncher," by Robert J. C. Stead. (Hodder & Stoughton.) "In the Morning of Time," by Charles G. D. Roberts. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.) "Ah, Mr. Guy, Mr. Guy !" by Sidney Hastings Webb. 6s. net. (Simpkin.) "The Thunderbolt," by G. Colmore. 7s. net. (Unwin.) "The Pagan," by Charles Inge. 8s. net. (Methuen.)

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

[*"There has never been anything to prevent the millennium except the nature of the human being. There are not enough lovers of beauty among men. It all comes back to that."—Galsworthy.*]

From a Woman's Standpoint.

CONTRAST : PARIS AND LONDON.—There is no question about it at all ; we have still a great deal to learn from our French sisters. Being one of the lucky ones, all sorts of plums seem to come my way, and I have just returned from a visit to France. Accustomed as I am to wandering all over the globe, it has been a severe strain to remain confined to England for almost five years, and I welcomed the chance of crossing the Channel ; of seeing something of our Allies at first hand, and of steeping myself in a new atmosphere. The very first impression Paris made on me was the unexpected similarity between a Paris and a London crowd. Paris is as full of khaki as London. English girls are less dowdy than they used to be, and the same high heels, thin stockings, short skirts and jaunty hats are to some extent to be seen in both cities. But by degrees the crowd resolved itself into individuals, and then I became aware of the differences. French women are so much neater than Englishwomen ; the poorer classes, instead of wasting their money on cheap and showy hats with bedraggled ostrich feathers or faded flowers, show their good sense and good taste by arranging their hair prettily and trip hatless about the streets. They wear black alpaca aprons, not dirty white ones, and neat little black woollen capes over their shoulders. I don't believe a slovenly woman of any class is to be found in Paris ; at any rate, if she exists, she is not to be seen in the streets.

THE FRENCHWOMAN'S SECRET OF DRESSING WELL.—I have puzzled my brains to discover what lies behind the Frenchwoman's talent of dressing well, and I believe the secret is quite a simple one. She, like the Japanese, has learnt the art of elimination. She does not load her frock with trimming, or herself with scarves and chains ; she has an eye for colour, and studies the form and line of things. She will wear a hat with one pretty hatpin and no other trimming of any kind, and you realise at once that anything more would spoil the effect. And the shape of the hat suits the wearer from every angle, and looks as it if were an

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integral part of her person ; thought has gone to its choice and time has certainly been expended, if not money.

Good taste in the material side of life certainly seems to be part of the inheritance of the French race ; they love the beautiful, and express it in countless ways, with a sureness and lightness of touch to be found in no other nation.

THE LURE OF PARIS SHOPS.—No self-respecting woman ever returns from Paris without buying a hat. After all, what is the point of the journey if one has nothing to show for it ? Nevertheless, I debated the question for several days. I knew I could get through the summer without a new hat, at the same time I felt it would be the height of folly to miss a bargain. So, having a spare hour one morning, I flew to the Galeries Lafayette, the most seductive of shops, where one may examine blouses and petticoats, and hats and trimmings without being pestered by a saleswoman, who wisely waits until the choice has been made and then is at hand to give you the bill. I spent a full half-hour trying on, literally, dozens of untrimmed hats, and departed in triumph with a fascinating blue straw which had only cost me 7s. 4d. !

Hats, provided you know where to go, are among the very few cheap things in Paris to-day. Figs, strung on a string, and dates and raisins, all from Algeria, are moderately cheap too, and are hawked about the streets on hand-carts. Silk jumpers, too, compare favourably with those to be bought in London. I saw a very pretty purple silk one for £5 5s., which would certainly have cost £8 8s. here.

FRENCH PRICES.—The French, the thriftiest nation on earth, have got to exercise their ingenuity as never before, for the prices make one gasp. We complain in England, but prices here are reasonable by comparison. For instance, we can get all sorts of nice little cakes in London for 2d. and 3d. each. In Paris they are 50 and 60 centimes a-piece, and a small meringue filled with cream costs 7½d. ! Butter is 12 francs a pound in Paris, and 19 francs in Lille. A little boy's sailor suit costs about £5, and one pair of shoes for a child of five years old comes to 40 francs.

The cost of enamel-ware amazes one. I saw a fair-sized can marked 73 francs. Indeed, one's sense of money completely vanishes, partly, no doubt, owing to the quantity of paper money in use, paper halfpennies being by no means uncommon.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC, HERE AND THERE.—Londoners have suffered many things during recent years from lack of sufficient transport. In spite of letters to the Press, continued complaints, and the public inquiry held by the M.P.'s of London, the question is very far from being solved. We are still packed like sardines in 'bus and tube, and in the warm weather it is very trying,

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but we live in hope, as a new type of car has been promised, with five exits instead of three. Overhead traffic is certainly not as well managed in Paris as in London ; crossing a busy street there is a perilous undertaking, and, if one should be run over, it is the unfortunate pedestrian, and not the driver, who has to pay the costs. But, below ground, the "Metro" struck me as being more efficient, cleaner and quicker than our own underground railways. The carriages are shorter and broader, and have wider doors, less seating accommodation, but far more standing-room ; with the result that it is much easier to get on and off rapidly. Also, at the bottom of each stairway there are gates which are closed to prevent over-crowding of platforms. Frenchmen do not seem to think it necessary to offer their seats to ladies—the only man who ever gave me his seat during my visit to Paris was a British Tommy—and I begin to understand the foreigner who, after spending a week in London not long ago, declared we were the politest people on earth.

THE TOMMIES' LEAVE CLUB.—To our British Tommy, no matter what quarter of the globe he happens to come from, the British Army and Navy Leave Club is unquestionably the most popular place in Paris.

Between two and three years ago the British community in Paris realised that the Tommies must have a club of some kind where they could go and stay for a few days' leave when they were unable to get over to Blighty, so an appeal was made, and Baron Erlanger generously lent one of the wings of his hotel in La Place de la République for the purpose, and there, with wide-flung doors, Tommy has been welcomed, day after day, and night after night, for many months, and made to feel at home. He can sleep and eat and dance at his club ; he can write his letters, and bank his money, and enjoy concerts and whist drives, and find friends to whom he can turn in any sort of trouble. I visited the Leave Club, accompanied by some Over-Seas Club friends, on a dance night, and the beautiful ballroom was a gay sight indeed, with Tommies from all parts of the Empire dancing with Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. workers, with nurses and Waacs, the only stipulations being that every girl must be a worker and in uniform, and every man must be a Tommy and not an officer.

I thought of the many mothers who would have looked on that scene with gladness and gratitude in their hearts for those who had made such a place possible for their sons.

A particularly interesting outcome of the work is the existence of a body of lady guides, who take parties of Tommies to see the many sights of Paris : her beautiful churches, her art treasures, and her historic monuments.

A WAYFARER.

[The Overseas Trade Bureau aims at being of use to Members. Genuine Trade enquiries are welcomed and suggestions invited. Members seeking markets for their goods have the free use of our pages. The object of the Overseas Trade Bureau is to develop British Empire Trade. We hope our readers will send in Trade hints and tell us of local opportunities.—Editor.]

Overseas Trade Bureau.

BRITISH FILMS.—"Reading the article 'The Film and the Empire,' by Mr. Hannen Swaffer, in 'Overseas,' it struck me that possibly I might be able to help in some little way to introduce British films into this part of the world, where they are quite unknown, though both American and Italian are regularly shown in the number of cinema theatres all over Indo-China. Of course, being a French colony, you can understand French films being in evidence, but it is an extraordinary fact that as much cannot be said for British Possessions. Take, for instance, Singapore and Hongkong, practically nothing but French and American films are shown. Italian and Dutch occasionally appear—but only rarely, very rarely, does the British film get a chance.

"Would you put me in touch with a first-class film manufacturer? I only want to deal with a firm that goes in for high-class films, not the cheap comic ones. I think with the facilities I have for travelling about, not only in Indo-China, but also in Singapore and the Native States as well as in Hongkong and South China, I may possibly be able to introduce British films."—Enquiry 697, Saigon.

We put our Member in touch with Mr. Lionel Phillips, 29a, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. 2. The difficulty with regard to British films in foreign countries has largely arisen owing to the fact that British film manufacturers have been under-capitalised, and invariably had to make sales to occasional buyers in this country, rather than send representatives abroad, or to push their goods by opening branch exchanges in various foreign countries. Moreover, this has been difficult or almost impossible during the past few years. The article on "Colonising the Picture Theatre," which appeared in last month's issue, has already brought us many letters on the desirability of putting more British films on the market. We feel sure our readers will do all they can to co-operate with us in creating an adequate demand for British films in their own locality.

CHURCH BELLS.—"We are anxious to get into touch with a manufacturer of tubular church bells, as we wish to install a small set in our mission church as a war memorial."—Enquiry 695, Sask., Canada.

Tubular church bells were made by Messrs. Harrington, Latham & Co., of Coventry, who have now given up business. However, Messrs. Mears and Stainbank, Church Bell Foundry, 32 & 34, Whitechapel Road, E., wrote direct, advising our Member not to have tubular bells, as they are not designed on harmonic lines, and are a mass of discordant harmonics. For carrying power and purity of tone they

advised the ordinary shaped church bell, but for small belfries, where space or other reasons prevent their installation, hemispherical bells are by far the most suitable.

GRAPHITE FROM PORTUGAL.—"I am interested in the export of graphite to British markets, and would esteem it a favour if you would put me in communication with importers of this commodity. It can be supplied either ground up or in blocks. I can offer hundreds of tons, and I believe a good business could be worked up."—Enquiry 688, Portugal.

We forwarded the samples of graphite to Messrs. Hall and Hall, 47, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3, and they wrote direct to our Member asking him to forward samples of the powdered graphite in two and five ton quantities, quoting his terms.

CASTOR OIL SEEDS, ETC.—"Could you put me on to any firm that buys castor oil seeds and lemon grass oil, and ask them to quote prices, as I intend planting up the two products at an early date?"—Enquiry 689, F.M.S.

At the present moment there is a large demand for castor oil, and there is every appearance of a still larger demand. Lemon grass oil is saleable here, although the market up to the present has been supplied with this commodity from the Far East. We asked the following firms to write direct to our Member: Messrs. Williams Bros. & Co., 9, Mincing Lane, E.C., and Messrs. Dunlop Bros. & Co., 49, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

CATERPILLAR TRACTORS.—"I wish to obtain a small tractor for farm work. Would you ask some manufacturer to send me particulars of a small machine; the price not too high?"—Enquiry 690, Portuguese East Africa.

The Austin Motor Co., Longbridge Works, Northfield, Birmingham, sent our Member full particulars of their new motor tractor for agricultural purposes, the price of which has recently been fixed at £300, packing and forwarding extra.

GENERAL TRADE IN NATAL.—"I would be very much obliged if you would get a few firms that do a general merchandise trade to send me their price lists. I have just taken over a small business, and would like to get price lists and patterns of cotton goods, dress materials, shirtings, flannelettes."—Enquiry 691, Natal, South Africa.

Messrs. Armitage and Rigby, Ltd., 95, Portland Street, Manchester, Messrs. Aitken, Campbell & Co., Ltd., 99, Glassford Street, Glasgow, Messrs. Kelsall and Kemp, Ltd., Rochdale, Lancs., sent samples and full particulars of their goods direct.

HAT FOR THE LONDON MARKET.—"I shall shortly be leaving for my home in the South Pacific. I received two hats from there recently—rather well-made hats similar to panamas. I should be grateful if you could furnish me with the name of a wholesaler in England to whom I could submit the hats as samples with a view to further business."—Enquiry 692, London.

We submitted the hats in question to a large London firm, who have taken up the matter with our Member.

EDIBLE SEED OILS.—"Could you put us in touch with manufacturers of edible seed oils that wish to extend business to this district?"—Enquiry 693, Malta.

Messrs. John Haddon & Co., Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C. 4, large importers of all classes of produce, dealt with the matter.

JAM CONTAINERS.—"I am starting a jam factory out here, and would be extremely obliged if you would put me in communication with makers of compressed pulp containers, etc."—Enquiry 694, India.

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Messrs. James Spicer and Sons, Ltd., 5, Upper Thames Street, E.C., are manufacturers of this article, and they forwarded full particulars, together with samples, to our Member.

MOTOR CYCLES FOR THE ARGENTINE.—"I am deeply interested in the manufacture and sale of motor cycles, having been myself a keen motor cyclist for a number of years. Unfortunately, owing to the war, there are hardly any British motor cycles here, all the trade seems to be in the hands of American firms. I feel certain there is a very big field open here for the British manufacturer along this line, providing he is far-seeing enough to produce a machine that will suit the country, and able to compete favourably with American machines in price and service. Several people I have met have told me they would rather pay a little more and get a British machine as there is nothing to touch them for quality."—Enquiry 698, Argentine.

SWISS AND ITALIAN TRADE.—"As a partner of a firm here, I wish to represent a few more English firms for Switzerland and eventually for Italy."—Enquiry 699, Switzerland.

PATENT MEDICINES.—"I wish to get into touch with a British firm dealing in patent medicines, etc., in order to act as representative for them in Australia."—Enquiry 700, London.

PARTNER FOR SPAIN.—"British subject, many years trading in Spain, seeks financial partner or financial support so as to give greater development to import and export business."—Enquiry 696, Malaga.

RUBBER FOR THE EAST.—"We are anxious to extend our trade in all the Eastern markets, particularly India, Egypt and Straits Settlements. The principal articles we manufacture that should sell to advantage in these markets are : sheet rubber, rubber mats and matting, rubber carriage tyring, rubber rickshaw tyring, rubber bottle rings, etc. We are also manufacturing erasing (scholastic) rubber in competition with Japanese and American qualities now established in the East, and if you could give us any information or assistance in getting in touch with buyers of these articles it would be much appreciated."—Enquiry 687, London, E.C.

We forwarded the above firm a list of Members in the East, who are anxious to promote British trade in their districts.

SHIPBUILDING FIRMS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—"Could you or any Member of the Club inform me if there are any shipbuilding firms of any description on the east coast of South Africa, from Durban southwards ? Could you let me have the names of any ? "—Enquiry 701, B.E.F.

We forwarded our Member a list of the principal firms on the East Coast of South Africa, as requested.

PICTURES FOR FRAMING.—"Could you put me in touch with any British firms handling pictures suitable for framing ? If any of them publish a catalogue with illustrations I would be very glad to get one. I only wish the pictures for my house, as I am not in the trade."—Enquiry 702, Canada.

The British Art Co., 93, New Bond Street, London, W. 1, and the Imperial Fine Art Corporation, 64, High Holborn, W.C. 1, forwarded our Member suitable catalogues.

OILS.—"My firm manufactures eucalyptus oils, and up to the present has only dealt with the U.S.A. I would like to receive offers from British and Continental houses for eucalyptus oil, pure medicinal B.P., and crude mining for floatation process."—Enquiry 703, Australia.

Messrs. John Haddon & Co., Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C. 4, and Messrs. Langley, Smith & Co., Ltd., 14, St. Mary Axe, E.C. 3, communicated direct with our Australian enquirer.

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

Readers are invited to correspond with fellow Members.

WHO IS THE LONELIEST BRITON?—With reference to the recent correspondence as to whom is the loneliest Briton, I should say he dwells on isolated Macquarie Island, which is situated some hundreds of miles to the southward of New Zealand. Very little sunshine there, no harbours, trees, or shrubs, bitterly cold and most desolate, no natives whatever.

Two men are there manipulating a wireless service to Australia, supplying data to forecast weather conditions, their small habitation being the only one on the island.

Before this wireless installation was made I, with two others, spent six dreary months on this lonely spot, amid penguins and sea elephants. The continuous roar of the ocean as it hurled itself on the heavily rock-bound coast added to the intense loneliness of a Briton's most southern abode in the world.—P. Vernon-Jackson, B.E.F.

THE REPUBLIC OF SAN DOMINGO.—There are very few of us Britishers here, that is, there are very few of us who have known the Old Land. We are quite near the Turks Islands, and the only reliable labour here is the coloured help which is brought over from these little British possessions, and right proud they are to call themselves "Ingleses."

I have only been here for a couple of months, and am very favourably impressed with the prospects of this small town, which is the tobacco exporting port of the island. We have no roads, but there is a narrow-gauge railway connecting us with the rich agricultural lands of the interior, and there is a great deal of traffic in tobacco, cocoa, coffee and hides, not to mention honey, wax, etc.

There are quite a few Allies here, Italians being in the majority, and we thought it would impress the people, who have no idea of what the War has meant to the world, if we could give them an idea of how glad we were that it was over. For this reason we had no banquet of which the Latins are so fond, but organised a parade to take place as soon as the news should be received, and a series of band concerts at which large crowds collected, and where they were informed as to what the Allies had been fighting for by the most accredited public speakers our little town can boast.—W. Paterson, c/o International Banking Corporation, Puerto Plara, Rep. of San Domingo, West Indies.

SAMOA'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES.—I am sorry to state that during the influenza epidemic last November, in which Samoa lost about 25 per cent. of its population in less than three weeks, quite a few of the Members of the Over-Seas Club succumbed to the disease. It is estimated that 9,000 died of the influenza, nearly 75 per cent. of which were males. This large death-rate disorganised all business for a time, and there was very little rejoicing at Christmas and the New Year. During the height of the epidemic dead bodies were to be found all over the place, the natives being too dazed or indifferent to attempt to bury their dead.

The officers and troops of the garrison worked like heroes, although many of them were sick themselves. All the motor lorries and motor

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cars were commandeered. The lorries were out all day, visiting the native *fales* (houses) in search of dead bodies, which were carried along as fast as possible to Vaimea, where huge graves had been dug for their reception. The motor cars were out all day distributing soup, rice, biscuits and milk, otherwise many of the helpless natives would have died of starvation.

It is to be hoped that the officers and men of the garrison, upon their return to New Zealand, receive the reception they are entitled to for the part they took in trying to cope with the disease. Some of the work they had to do was disgusting. I can assure you it was not a pleasant sight to see the lorries going backwards and forwards with their bundles of corpses wrapped in mats. It was very lucky for this community that there was a body of men under discipline, otherwise the death-rate might have been 75 per cent. Captain Richardson, the O.C. of the garrison, deserves great credit for the way he took the matter in hand.—G. E. L. Westbrook, Apia, Samoa, South Pacific.

A NEW NAME FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—I beg to submit "Britannia" as a simple, suggestive and comprehensive name for the British Empire.

The term "Empire" is misleading. Our King does not exercise the autocratic powers of an Emperor. He rules as a protector and defender over free, self-governing peoples, of varied nations, creeds and languages, whose pleasure it is to serve the Throne with true devotion and loyalty. "Commonwealth" has been suggested, but I think both "British Empire" and "British Commonwealth" are cumbersome and difficult for practical use. Perhaps a suitable name could be selected to be used without the terms "Empire" or "Commonwealth."

I would suggest "Britannia," the name of ancient Britain, the original source of our Empire, as most appropriate. It is a noble and beautiful name, and I think would satisfy all the necessary conditions.

Matters specially connected with Great Britain could be termed "British," those concerning the overseas, "Britannic," and matters common to both, "Britannic." A native of Great Britain could be called a "Briton" or a "Home Briton," and a native of the overseas a "Britana," a "Britanian," or "Overseas Briton." This would give distinctive names for natives of the "Home-Land" and the overseas. Of course, it would not interfere with the present names of the various parts of the Empire, but "Britannia" would signify the confederation of the whole as "Britannic Unity," or "United Britannia."—W. B., Halifax, N.S., Canada.

"WHEREVER THERE'S OXYGEN."—I am forwarding to-morrow to Mrs. Westaway, Secretary of the Seattle Branch, Over-Seas Club, one dollar (4s. or thereabouts), representing my subscription for an extra copy of "Overseas." I propose to keep for myself the copy for which I have already subscribed. The extra copy will be forwarded by me to my friends existing in various parts of the world.

Why not suggest this idea to those other of your Members who, living in civilisation, have friends to whom a copy of "Overseas" would prove a veritable God-send? Oh! there are thousands of these living in the uttermost parts of the earth. We must never forget that wherever there's oxygen, there you'll find a Britisher!—J. Herbert Preston, Port Blakeley, Wash., U.S.A.

[*Many members already do as Mr. Preston does, but we hope many more will follow his good example.*]

A HINT TO DOMINION GOVERNMENTS.—I am going to worry you to take up the subject of migration to our colonies, especially from S. America. You can do a lot of propaganda through "Overseas."

You could, I imagine, get the Governments of our Dominions to pay for several pages of descriptive advertisements of their several countries, on the lines of Canadian and Western American advertising. Not dry facts and figures, they can easily set, but something to catch the eye and stick in the mind. Nature will teach you the seed is very often attached to a bit of fluff—floating stuff—or something sweet to attract the birds, and you want to sow seeds of a desire to do something to push on and consolidate our Empire.—Seymour H. C. Hawtrey, Rioja 112, Buenos Aires, Argentine, S. America.

[*We hope the Agents-General of the various Provinces and States in Canada and Australia will adopt Mr. Hawtrey's suggestion.*]

LECTURING FROM "OVERSEAS."—The Clubs have been having open sessions this last two weeks, and I have been the honoured guest at two. Yesterday the "Round Table" had a very interesting programme, and I will enclose it, to show how the women are growing and how the late War is teaching many beneficial lessons.

Some of the women who had a place on the programme could not be present, and I was asked to speak on "The English Woman." I found some splendid "pointers" in the "Overseas" journal, and read a part of Margaret Ashworth's article in the January number "On the Woman of the Future." It was very much appreciated, and I told them that I would send their programme on to London. I also loaned my precious Union Jack to the lady who spoke on the flag of England, and gave her the May number to get facts concerning our flag.

So you see what "Overseas" has accomplished already in giving reliable information where it is so much needed.—Miss M. F. Davies, The Christian Woman's Board of Missions, 525 N. Beard Shawnee, Oklahoma.

THE MERCHANT MARINE.—It was a most graceful act to extend honorary membership of the Club to mercantile marine officers during the War, one that I feel sure was much appreciated. I trust also that all those who availed themselves of the privilege will become permanent Members, and that they will, as will I, do their best to enrol other of their seafaring friends.—J. W. Taylor, SS. *Clan Colquhoun*, Port Said, Egypt.

ONE MEMBER A WEEK.—It again gives me pleasure to add another Member to the Over-Seas Club, and if I am able to keep up this "one a week" programme, I will feel that I am doing my share towards the million mark.

In my opinion, every one British-born should become a Member, and, if they are approached, they are only too willing to become associated with the Club. Perhaps it is news to you, and perhaps not, but there are a great number who have not heard of the O.S. If the existing Members would get out and hustle a little more, you would be swamped with applications.—D. C. Rattray, Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Co., Plantation, Puunene, Maui, T.H., U.S.A.

[*We hope some of our friends overseas will take Mr. Rattray's words to heart. To make our membership big push a success we want the help of every individual Member.*]

LONDON WETNESS WANTED.—We are having a dry time here at present, and, if rain does not fall soon, I am sure I do not know what we are going to do. In other parts sheep are actually dying of thirst! Couldn't you send us some wetness from London? I believe you are always having rain there, eh?—Hugh G. Murray, "Erin Farm," Middelburg, Cape Province, S. Africa.

[*London would gladly have spared our South African friends a little rain at any time this spring!*]

The Overseas Forum.

A DISGUSTED BRITON.—It is a matter of great surprise to me to find in a magazine designed " to draw together in the bonds of comradeship British people the world over," the expression, " The Fleet of England is her all in all." Also to read in the January number, page 78, " United States £945, England £828," etc., etc., the name England being used, I presume, as a synonym for Great Britain.

The wrong use of the name England tends to disgust " Britishers " who have not been born in England with the Englishwomen (and they are legion) who are either very ignorant of the history of their own country, or, ignoring the rights of others, claim for it those things of which it is only entitled to a share.—Mrs. M. C. Taylor, Larache, Morocco.

[*I do not think that our correspondent can convict any member of the staff of " Overseas " of such a lapse. We fully realise the feelings of the Scotsman, the Welshman, and the Irishman on this subject. But we cannot alter the wording in articles sent in to us by distinguished contributors.*]

SAFE NEW ZEALAND.—There are large tracts of unimproved land here which are wanting money to turn into productive farms. There is hardly a farm in the Auckland Province that is completely " broken in." These properties are gilt-edged security for 6 per cent. loans for three and five years. Money should be invested in the Empire, but, of all places, New Zealand stands first for safety. I have put out very many thousands for friends in the last few years, but there are always farmers wanting to borrow up to 60 per cent. of a valuation made specially for mortgage purposes. If you or any of your friends want to invest funds safely, I shall be happy to do so for them. *Verb. sap.*—J. Marjoriebanks Steele, 28, High Street, Auckland, New Zealand.

OUR GIBRALTAR MEMBERS.—The Gibraltar news in the February number of " Overseas " is indeed very interesting, and a certain amount of comment has been passed on the quiet way in which we have worked for the welfare of others. I am rather busy at present, and it is surprising the amount of my time it takes collecting subs., giving receipts, and entering cash received ; but there, it is all a labour of love.

I am leaving for England on three months' leave with my wife and son, and wish to leave everything in perfect order.—W. H. Hoare, 13, Naval Hospital Road, Gibraltar.

LOVELY SUFFOLK SCENERY.—I should like to say how much I appreciate the coloured pictures in " Overseas." The old home scenes make me long to see them again. I should like to see one from somewhere in my home county, Suffolk, as there is some lovely scenery round about Bury St. Edmunds and Ipswich. Wishing you every success for the coming year.—C. J. Webb, Main Road, Claremont, Cape Town, South Africa.

[*The idea has been suggested that we might supply copies of our coloured frontispiece on art paper for framing purposes at a shilling each. What do readers think of the idea ?*]

HARD AT WORK.—I am working hard to get new Members and, if my friends live up to their promises, I will get six or seven shortly. " Overseas " is one of the most interesting magazines I have read, and I look forward to its arrival every month.—C. F. Gell, 2245, E. 103 Street, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AT SEA.—Having been thirty-two years almost constantly at sea, and busy since August 4th, 1914, up to the present, I can appreciate your desire to erect in London a " home centre " for all Britons overseas. I have been more lonely in London than in a

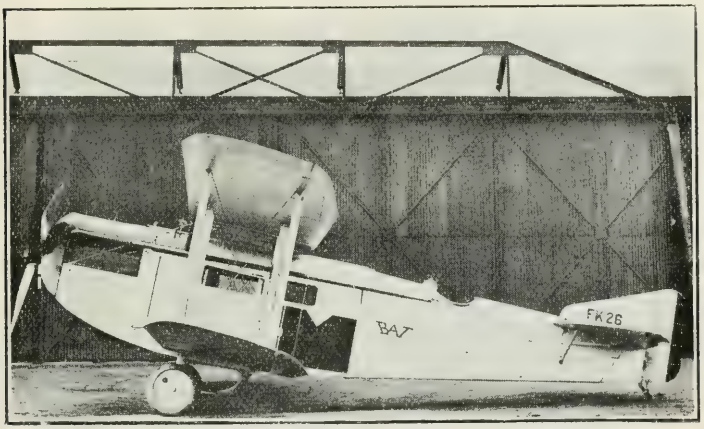
Highland village, and some overseas Britons could say ditto.—T. R. Sloane, Lismore, Castle Park, Fairlie, Argyllshire, Scotland. **The Overseas Forum.**

[*So can I. Our aim is to ensure that no Member of the Over-Seas Club shall ever feel lonely again.*]

INTERNED FOUR YEARS IN TURKEY.—As an old Member of the Club (No. 2,507), and secretary of the Beyrout (Syria) Branch, and having been interned for the last four years in various places in the interior of Turkey as a British civil prisoner of war, I should like to know what progress the Club has made within this period. I have on several occasions written to you through the Ottoman Red Crescent Society and the International Committee of the Red Cross at Berne, Switzerland, but, as I have never received any reply, I conclude that you can never have received my communications, which most probably were stopped by the Turkish censorship. As all papers in connection with the Club have been confiscated by the Turkish authorities, I shall be extremely pleased if you would be so kind as to furnish me with same, as well as a gold button-hole badge.—Rudolph R. Young, c/o Grand Palace Hotel, Rue de la Poste, Alexandria, Egypt.

"KEEP PEGGING AWAY."—I often think how disheartening it must be for you in your work, especially if all the H.C. Secretaries do not reply to your many Club letters better than I do, but really one gets away into these parts, and has a lot to see about, and gets out of touch with home affairs, and I want to tell you not to get discouraged, but to keep on pegging on, as your work is a great thing, and I really think bears very much more fruit than perhaps you think it does.—J. O. Mayes, Constancia, Cienfuegos, Cuba.

[*Words such as these are very encouraging. We certainly mean to keep pegging away.*]



The first Commercial Aeroplane. This bi-plane was started immediately the Armistice was signed. It is built solely for commercial purposes and designed for four passengers. In the cabin one can stand upright, sit in comfortable swivel arm-chairs, smoke, and, in fact, be as comfortable as in a Pullman. The machine is built by the B. A. F. Co., Ltd.

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Up till Armistice Day :—

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OVERSEAS

The Overseas Forum.

AN OVERSEAS DAY.—If the suggestion is of any value, why not have an "Overseas Day," to be observed throughout the world by all Members?

Those who desire it could offer up a prayer on that day, at a given hour, for the thousands who died for the freedom of mankind. The day should be celebrated by strict unselfishness, and by each of us Members rendering some act of kindly charity to the poor and helpless.—W. de Keok, Box 8, Mafeking District, S. Africa.

[*Why not August 4?*]

A MONTHLY TIME-MARK.—Our magazine is one of the land-marks, or rather time-marks, of the month, the arrival of which ensures a pleasant day, and I never cease to congratulate myself on having become a Member of a Club that I feel sure will ultimately become a national asset.—John S. Spraggett, 48, Victoria Street, Paignton, S. Devon.

LUXEMBOURGER'S RESPECT FOR BRITISH.—I recently received a very satisfactory parcel through the Over-Seas Club from a friend in Guaymas, Mex. We were on three fronts, and latterly made stays in Lorraine, Luxembourg and the city of Coblenz. It was very agreeable to learn of the respect that the Luxembourgers have for Great Britain, and so many of them speak English.—Pte. E. S. Somerville, Co. F., 37 Engrs., Am.E.F.

O.S. PHOTOS POPULAR.—The photographs sent me through the Club are still continuing their travels and create great interest wherever they are shown.—Miss M. Philippi-Bridges, Vasilla 374, Punta Arenas, Straits of Magellan.

Where the O.-S. Flag flies on the South Coast. Mr. A. Barton Kent's Bungalow at Selsey-on-Sea, Sussex, made of a couple of Railway Carriages, where he and his wife live the simple life in the Summer.

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BABIES OF THE EMPIRE

Crusade for the Health of Women and Children for the nour of the Empire. Under the auspices of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League.

Babies of the Empire.

BABIES' CLOTHES FROM RIO JANEIRO.—A sufficient supply of babies' clothes is one of the pressing needs at the Training Centre. It is surprising how quickly the little garments, in constant use, wear out, and we are perpetually being asked by mothers or institutions for a pattern set. We were, therefore, delighted when a most kind offer came m the war work depôt of Rio Janeiro to make layettes for us. Perhaps ıe other depôt in another part of the world will do likewise ? We can 'ays make use of the clothes, and no one need fear that they will not be d to the best advantage.

.LP FROM THE COLLEGE OF AMBULANCE. But the very first ce to help us in this way was the College of Ambulance, in Vere, :ater London, which has the distinction of being the first depôt to do r work in all Britain.

n the very early days of August, 1914, Lady Cantlie and her friends rted to supply the soldiers' needs. Every soldier, wounded or other- .e, was helped as far as possible, with shirts, blankets, socks—every- ıg in short that he needed. At one time between four and five hundred pers worked there daily, but now this has been reduced to a group of ies who work once a week for the babies and children of the soldiers o once required their services.

HAVE SIGHTED THE GOAL." —" After twelve years seeking, ıink I have at last sighted the goal. I have spent three months at the ›ies of the Empire Training Centre, of which Dr. Truby King is in .rge. I went, as I have gone to other hospitals and clinics, in the hope t I might strike a rational, simple and efficient method of feeding the nan animal, and I am more than satisfied ; so satisfied and convinced t I feel it a duty to let other nurses know of this fount of knowledge ıg at our doors." These words were written by one of our trainers, ıs J. B. N. Paterson, who was formerly head of the out-patient depart- nt at Guy's Hospital, one of the biggest hospitals in London. It is h a testimony coming from one who is really qualified to judge that kes us feel how well worth while our work is.

RECORD.—Those of you who have helped us so splendidly in the past l like to share in our triumphs, and here is a fact which speaks for :lf. Seventy-five babies have passed through our hands since we :ned last July—all have been ailing babies, and some have been very but we have only lost one. The average death-rate in homes and ›hanages for well babies in this country is from 5 to 10 per cent., for ‹ babies from 10 to 20 per cent., so that our record has never been ıten.

Please help us to carry on and extend our work. We need every penny ı can spare—and please don't forget our Jumble Sale.

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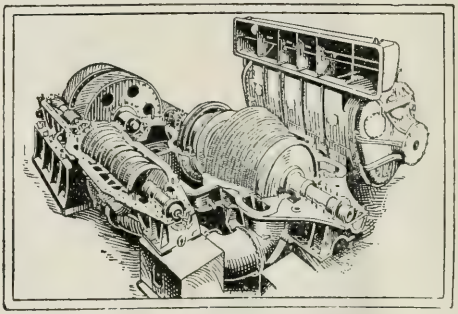

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All Members are invited to make free use of this section.

Members' Exchange.

SALISBURY JONES, Esq., c/o Over-Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2, would be glad to receive a copy of the January, 1919, issue of "Overseas" from any Member who has a duplicate.

E. May, Caixa do Correio 176, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, South America, collector of all South and Central American butterflies and moths (*Lepid Optera*), would like to exchange species from his zone for those of other South and Central American countries and West Indian islands. Can state denderata by scientific names. Will be pleased to give any information relative to this zone to intending visitors who may wish to collect here.

A. B. Johnson, Companhia Uniano des Refinadores, Engenho Monte Alegre, Piracicaba, Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America.—"As the January, 1919, issue is out of print at Headquarters, I should be so grateful if any Member who has a duplicate number would send it along to me. Also I should be glad to receive foreign stamps from Members in all parts of the world."

Lieut., R.A.S.C., c/o Over-Seas Club, would like to hear from Members in West Central Alberta, Central British Columbia, or any settled mixed farming district of both, about conditions of life, land prices, climate, prospects, capital required, etc.

Miss B. Sandon, Ken Cottage, Hadley Wood, Herts, would like to correspond with Members in all parts of the world.

"Could any Member give me information about my son, John A. Wolffsohn (British subject), of Valparaiso, Chile, from whom I have not heard since the summer of 1917. He is a corresponding member of the British Museum and a well-known amateur beekeeper. His honey is said to be the finest produced in Chile. He has country residences at Quilpue and Papuda in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso?"—Mrs. L. Wolffsohn, Marherita, Naples, Italy.

"Would any Member residing in or near Bournemouth write to Mrs. Argent, 21, Drummond Road, Bournemouth? She has lived abroad for twelve years, and would like to keep in touch with overseas friends here."

S. Perkes, C.E., Nicosia, Cyprus.—"Any information about the resources of this part of the world I will be pleased to give, knowing the details from extensive travels and long residence in the East. I was formerly in India."

F. G. Hughes, Salisbury, Rhodesia.—"I should be pleased to correspond with any one desirous to have particulars of Rhodesia, the land of sunshine."

Mrs. A. L. Rathbone, Newcastle, Natal, South Africa.—"I am very anxious to start correspondence with Members in various parts of the world."

Pte. Harold Stocker, 2/1st Wessex Field Amb., B.E.F.—"Would any of the readers of 'Overseas,' who are tea-planters in Ceylon or in South India, like to open up a correspondence with me? I have a brother in the Bank of Madras and my ambition is to be a tea-planter in India. I myself could tell all I know about life in the Western Front."

Do You Use Cardboard?

If so, this announcement is addressed to you.

Before the War the demand for British Board was increasing, and the product of the Thames Mills found its way to the ends of the earth.

The successful application of cardboard to new uses during the War will doubtless result in increased business for the board-using industries—especially as wood and metal will be short for some time.

But the shortage of board that prevented you from fully exploiting these opportunities is disappearing, and at the moment the supply is even in excess of demand.

But this won't last. When the world wakes up to Peace conditions there will be another boom.

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PURFLEET, ENGLAND.

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau

The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the personal announcements published.—Editor.]

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

MERICA.—Young lady desires to go to America, and would give her services free to family travelling about October in return for sea passage.—*E.B. 746, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ENGLISHMAN, well educated, steady, desires appointment abroad, preferably within the Empire, as confidential assistant, secretary or office manager. Has thirteen and a half years' (including nine years' foreign) mercantile experience ; expert shorthand-typist, acquainted all branches secretarial work, thorough knowledge French ; has initiative and ability and wants to move on. Age 31. Married. Family accustomed to life abroad.—*E.B. 747, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

PARTNERSHIP.—A gentleman with capital, or the power to borrow, required as partner or associate in a property owning and development business in Saskatoon, the university city of Saskatchewan. No special qualifications required, but one who enjoys outdoor manual work preferred. Suitable for married ex-officer of any age.—*E.B. 621, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

THE PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S REGISTER, Ministry of Labour, Employment Department, is now dealing with a number of well-educated women who are anxious to find employment overseas. Many of these are trained and experienced teachers ; others have good secretarial experience and would be glad to hear of suitable posts in commercial firms abroad. Employers requiring the services of educated Englishwomen are asked to write *E. B. 748, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

RHODESIA.—Member expecting shortly to go to Africa would be glad to obtain employment on railway construction, farming or plantation. Age 26. Can ride and shoot, and has had previous experience before the War in a law office where he was for six years. Capable and energetic.—*E. B. 749, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

FOREMAN, MANAGER, MINING ENGINEER.—Ex-service man is anxious to obtain suitable appointment. Has had vast experience on railway work in China, Argentine, Colombo and Ceylon, and is a first-class mechanical engineer. Willing to go to China, Burmah, Malay States, Persia, Tibet, Russia, or any part where pioneer work is in progress. Age 43. Single.—*E. B. 761, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MOTOR TRADE.—N.C.O. recently demobilised after four and a half years in M.T.R.A.S.C. on Western front, is anxious to find employment. Well educated, good appearance and address. Good salesman. Can speak French and has travelled on the Continent. Energetic worker—*E. B. 762, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

CANADIAN SOLDIER (Londoner) about to be discharged wishes to obtain position in London. Willing to do any work. Previous to War held position as telegrapher and signaller in New York, also three years' experience as telegrapher in India. Age 36. Married. — *E. B. 750, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MINING ACCOUNTANT OR STATISTICIAN, thoroughly competent, conversant with up-to-date methods of costs keeping and costs accounts,

Everyday Risks Everyone Runs

SERIOUS accidents happen every day. Some with fatal results. All when least expected. Here is a concrete example: A lady passing a shop in a London suburb recently was struck down by a falling facia of heavy glass and seriously injured. A similar accident may happen in any street and may happen to you. Tiles, chimney pots, portions of coping are frequently falling, and the danger due to neglected repairs during the War is now greater than ever.

Suppose *you* met with an accident necessitating medical or surgical attendance, weeks of abstention from business, and weeks of convalescence and recuperation. How are you prepared to meet your current and special expenses? If you are insured nothing need worry you in this respect—the Insurance Company provides you with cash compensation. But if not? Surely a matter for serious consideration. For quite a nominal sum you can effect adequate insurance covering not only accidents of all kinds, but practically every form of serious illness and disease.

The following letter was recently received in respect of the accident above referred to:—

March 11th, 1919.

Dear Sir,—I am enclosing herewith a sketch of an accident which happened in the ———— on Thursday last.

A lady was passing a ———— shop when the centre facia plate fell out suddenly and struck her down.

Being an accident which is likely to happen at any time, I think it will appeal to you as a very effective advertisement for your Accident Insurance.

Yours truly,

————

Send to-day for full particulars of the "British Dominions" series of insurances. There are ten different tables, with premiums ranging from 2s. per annum (covering fatal accidents only) upwards, providing for liberal benefits which vary according to premium and risks covered.

A WORD TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

The Property Owners Indemnity Policy issued at attractive rates by the "British Dominions" covers the insured's common law liability in respect of Personal Injury or Damage to Property or Goods resulting from defects in the Property. It also covers liability under "The Housing and Town Planning Act, 1909," and injury or damage resulting from defects in the Property, or illness arising from defective drainage.

A post card or letter addressed to the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd., British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. 3, will bring you full particulars of these safe and advantageous forms of investment.

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

acquainted with exchanges, currencies and banking practice. Practical storekeeper. Good organiser with administrative ability. Diplomatic and tactful. Accustomed to control of native labour. Good office man, accustomed to labour and time-saving devices. Age 42. Single. Fluent linguist in several languages.—*E. B. 751, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

PARTNERSHIP.—Capable electrical and mechanical engineer (age 32), with business experience, lately holding important position in South Africa, desires opening in warm, healthy climate where capital can advantageously be employed in a congenial occupation—not necessarily engineering work. Fluent Portuguese and knowledge of Spanish.—*E. B. 752, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

BOOK-KEEPER.—General clerk, or outside manager, experienced (first-class testimonials), wishes to obtain position in South Africa, Transvaal or Southern Rhodesia. Age 42. Married.—*E. B. 503, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

CLERICAL APPOINTMENT desired by ex-service man with several years' clerical experience. Would prefer to go to Africa or South Australia, if not South America. Would accept position other than clerical. Age 39. Married.—*E. B. 754, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

POSITION WANTED IN THE COLONIES, S. AMERICA, OR MEXICO by army officer (Irish). Age 39. Lost heavily owing to the War. Farming in S. Africa seven years ; experienced in cattle ranching, dairy farming, timber, also horse breeding. Could invest a few hundred pounds in two or three years. Can furnish excellent references.—*E. B. 763, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ESTATE.—Position desired by steady man as gentleman's sports companion (shooting, fishing, golf, etc.), estate mechanic or handyman. Care and repair of sporting guns ; thorough knowledge of salmon, trout and sea fishing, running repairs motor cars, rough carpentry, joinery, etc.—*E. B. 764, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

CLERK OR STOREKEEPER.—Ex-service man is anxious to secure employment in India, either as storekeeper or clerk. Can drive motors, and can also ride. Has had previous experience as storeman in accumulator works. Knowledge of Hindustani and French. Age 30. Married.—*E. B. 757, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

COMMERCIAL MANAGER OR ORGANISER.—Position desired ; willing to go abroad, but would prefer England. Has had twelve years' experience on managerial staff of Associated Newspapers, and four years private business management and journalistic work. Two years at War Office.—*E. B. 758, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

NURSERY GOVERNESS.—Post required by Member in U.S.A., Canada, or Australia. At present in England. Eight years' experience in the care of young children. Good needlewoman, and can teach the first lessons and elementary music. Age 29. Widow. — *E. B. 765, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

EX-OFFICER, 24 years of age, three years' good office experience in Calgary, Canada, desires position in Great Britain as secretary or office manager. Tact, energy and initiative.—*E. B. 799, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

LAND SETTLEMENT IN QUEBEC.

A grant of 100 acres in the best clayish parts of the township Montgay, not far from the Trans-Continental Railway, North of the Province, is offered to returned soldiers.

For full particulars apply to

The Department of Colonisation, QUEBEC, P.Q., CANADA.

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The beneficent work of this Association has been assiduously carried on for over 46 years, materially helping British and American women and girls on the Continent, more especially orphans of the cultured classes. Our doors have never been shut, and these HOMES have also been an inestimable boon to such, especially during the terrible War, when the German armies were menacing Paris and dropping bombs over the city. **The Financial Needs of this Association are great and very urgent, and the Directors earnestly ask for £30,000 for rebuilding one home, renovations and extensions to others, and to liquidate pressing liabilities.** Cheques, &c., will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to Graham Sheffield, *Secretary*, The Church House, Westminster, London, S.W. 1. For terms at Hostels, apply The Lady-in-Charge, 18, Rue de Milan, Paris.

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Nowhere in the Empire will the new-comer with farming experience find a field of richer promise. Prosperous, fertile farms are everywhere the rule, and here the farmer has all the social, educational, and marketing advantages of a well-settled, highly organized, and intensely British community. For particulars apply to:—

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THE palate simply yearns for gooseberries in Spring, and the young fruit is more tempting if you have it stewed and served with FREEMANS CUSTARD. There is nothing more delicious than these seasonable dishes at this time of the year.

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By George Henry.

£1,000 a Year at 26.

WE were sitting in the club lounge after lunch the other day, and the talk had turned to the wonderful possibilities that modern Business offers the young man.

"The business world is simply crying out for men of mental energy," said Baines. "Any young man—and, for the matter of that, any young woman, too—who can bring an efficient mind to bear upon business problems is sure of a well-paid job to-day. There's a young chap sitting in the corner over there—d'ye see him? Doesn't look brilliant, does he? Just an ordinary personality—a young man of twenty-six. Looks keen in a quiet way, eh? Speak to him, and you'll find that his mind is alive. His brain begins a search for ideas before he gets his shaving water in the morning, and doesn't leave off before he closes his eyes to sleep—even then I'll wager there's some part of his mental apparatus at work.

"*One firm alone pays that young chap £1,000 a year for giving ideas.*"

"And I've no doubt he's worth every penny of it," chimed in the managing director of a well-known manufacturing firm who was in the circle. "We've a young fellow very much in the same boat. He came to us in quite a minor position, something in the stock room. He hadn't been with us three months before he was in my room one day with a scheme for increasing output, worked out to the smallest detail. In six months he'd proved himself, and, frankly, I'd pay him double his present very liberal salary if he asked for it. I couldn't afford to lose his brain."

"Isn't it surprising that so few young men realise the opportunities that surround them?" mused Baines.

"It isn't surprising really," returned the managing director. "Education, or rather lack of education, is at the root of it. We are only just beginning to live down the evil effects of that shibboleth of the last generation—'My son, be contented with your lot.' Too many young men believe that brains are born, not made. They are content to accept the theory that genius is a gift from the gods. As a matter of fact, genius is just super-mental-efficiency. And any mind except a diseased mind can attain it. The most definite proof of the claim is this Pelmanism movement. Some of you are sceptical of Pelmanism; but let me tell you that Pelmanism has done more to bring men and women to a realisation of their powers and possibilities than any other educational factor.

"That young man I spoke of just now—I asked him once how it was that he, who on his own showing, had never aspired to more

£1,000 a Year at 26.

than a 'thirty-bob-a-week-job,' how it was that he became fired with enthusiasm for my business, how it came about that he gripped the details so well in so short a time, how he plucked up the courage to beard me in my own den. His answer came readily and simply. 'I discovered Myself—I underwent a course of Pelmanism.'

"If every young clerk and salesman did the same, if every young woman who is tapping typewriter keys followed his example there wouldn't be the dearth of £1,000 a year workers that exists to-day. There are managerial armchairs crying out for occupants, and crying in vain, because the people on the stools in the general office don't trouble to send out an invitation card to Opportunity.

"And as for Opportunity—the opportunities in business to-day are endless. Given the efficient mind, the young people of mental energy, receptivity, creative thought, logical reasoning, and self-confidence can get anywhere. And, believe me, the quickest, the easiest, and the most certain way to get those qualities *in excelsis* is—'Pelmanise.'"

"Why are you so keen about Pelmanism?" asked Baines, as the circle broke up.

"Well, between ourselves," answered the managing director, "I'm a Pelmanist myself."

* * * * *

"Mind and Memory"—which tells all about Pelmanism, what it is, and what it does—is now in its forty-fourth edition.

More than three million copies of this booklet have been supplied to people who have written asking for it!

You should read "Mind and Memory." Only by getting this booklet and the literature which accompanies it can you come to a full realisation of what Pelmanism means to you.

Amongst its contents you will find the following :—

What Pelmanism is.
The Work of the Institute.
The New Feature of the Course.
Pelmanism for Women.
The Scope of the Course.
An Investigation by "Truth."
What Newspapers Say.
What Prominent Men Say.
Letters from Pelmanists.
Letters from Women Pelmanists.
A Synopsis of the Course.
Questions Often Asked.
How to Enrol for the Course.

Write for this book to-day to the Pelman Institute, 36, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1. By return you will receive not only a free copy of this book, but also a reprint from *Truth's* famous Report on Pelmanism, and particulars showing how you can enrol for a Course of Pelmanism at a reduced fee.

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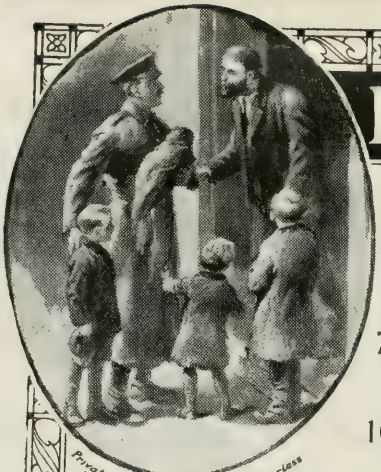

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Please mention "Over-Seas Club Monthly," June, 1919, when remitting.

OVERSEAS

"Sunshine House"

"Sunshine House."

ON the edge of a spacious common at Chorley Wood, Herts., stands a beautiful house, which is now aptly known as "Sunshine House." This building, which stands in nine acres of ground, has been acquired by the National Institute for the Blind, Great Portland Street, London, W., as a Home for Blind Babies. It accommodates twenty-five children, and a visit to it will convince any one of the need for support in so splendid a cause.

In the big, airy nursery we find a happy company of little boys and girls. Two are sitting on a rocking-horse in one corner, while others are playing with dolls and toys. Others, again, are singing nursery-rhymes. It is wonderful to think that these laughing, romping children, destined to live for ever in a world of darkness, have sunshine in their hearts ; that here, in an atmosphere of loving-kindness, everything is being done to equip them to start their battle with the powers of physical darkness with every available weapon. A tour of the whole house strengthens these impressions. The dormitories, with their spick-and-span white cribs, with a pretty picture painted on them, spotless bathrooms, a dining-room with dear, wee chairs and tables and tiny plates, cups and saucers, each of these latter adorned, like the beds, by a little coloured picture.

But, you ask, why pictures if the children cannot see ? The answer is the keynote to the whole scheme. It is NORMALITY that reigns here, and if the little ones cannot see the pictures, they can be described to them, just as the pictures on the walls and the pictures on the beds can be described to them. The whole idea of "Sunshine House" is that its tiny inmates should, as far as possible, be treated as ordinary children.

But how complex the initial stages of the education of the little blind child are ! Think first of the ordinary-sighted child whose wondering gaze begins to convey pictures of the thousand and one things of every-day life ; the colour of the sky, the forms of the trees and animals, the faces of those around it—and then think of the tiny mite who is deprived of this natural means of baby comprehension. What a difficult but what a supremely interesting task is that of awakening these little minds to an intelligent knowledge of the world about them that they will never see.

Surely here is a cause that will appeal to the hearts of all. We have only to consider how much the precious gift of sight means to us. The tragedy of blindness needs no further emphasis than this simple phrase, yet we can at least bring sunshine into the lives of those little helpless ones who have been born into a world of darkness, and who will never be able to visualise the glories of God's good earth.

MOTHERLESS!

THE word means little to us, perhaps ; we have grown up and can take care of ourselves ; but to children of tender years it signifies one of life's greatest tragedies.

Think back to your own childhood—cut out all you knew of love, friendship, comfort in trouble, soothing in sickness, counsel in difficulty—and you will understand what to be motherless means.

The NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME exists to fill this gap in needy and afflicted children's lives. It is "Mother"—and "Father" too—to upwards of 3,000 little ones at the present time, and during the last fifty years has mothered many thousands more. It has seen them safely over the stony places of childhood and equipped them for the duties of citizenship. Many who came sick and ailing are to-day bonny and well. There is flesh on their bones, colour in their cheeks, laughter in their eyes.

For Them Also—'A Better England.'

With the greatly increased cost of living, the maintenance in the same degree of comfort of our large family imposes on us a gigantic financial burden.

You too, of course, have your increased responsibilities ; but it is not just that the children should suffer : they are dependent on us and have no means of redress. Will you spare a mite, that these little ones—many of whom have already drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow—may not go short ? Every contribution, whether large or small, will be gratefully received and faithfully applied.

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LET US THINK OF THE TUBERCULOUS.

THE FARM COLONY for Sailors and Soldiers aims at completing the cure of suitable patients from Hospitals and Sanatoria, helping them to work out their salvation under proper conditions, training those who require it in **some open-air, healthy occupation suited to their condition, especially fitting them for a life on the land,** that they may become once more self-supporting citizens.

IT IS ESTIMATED that **£50,000** will be needed for the Farm Colony. Donations will be gratefully received if sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **The Lord Glenconner, 20, Hanover Square, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.**

PRACTICAL HELP now means a new lease of life to a suffering ex-Service man.

PERIODS OF TRANSITION

are always perilous. The reaction from a state of War, when the Nation's energies have been feverishly bent on the accomplishment of a single purpose, to a state of Peace, when all sorts of readjustments are necessary, will disclose many

FLAWS IN CHARACTER

and slackening of moral fibre, both in men and women.

The highest interests of the State call, therefore, for earnest endeavour by

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Child-life may be Safeguarded.
The Aged Poor Counselled and Comforted.
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The Masses Instructed in Faith and Morals.

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Please help to keep this Good Work going. Gifts should be sent to General BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. 4. Cheques to be crossed "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch."

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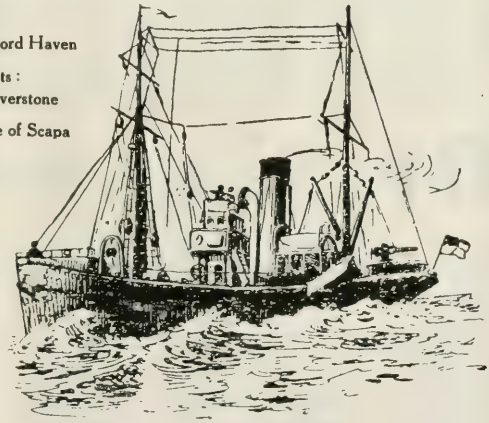

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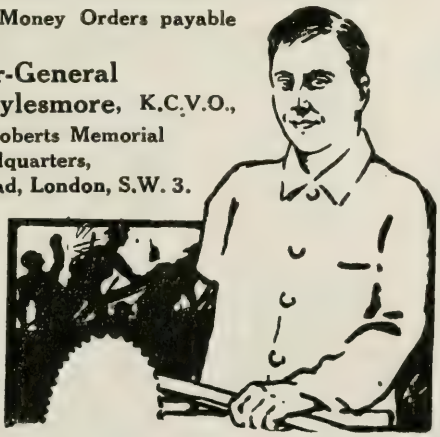

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but you may rest assured that any donation, be it large or small, sent to the National Institute for the Blind, 224–6–8, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, will be used to the best advantage to bring light into the lives of those condemned to live in perpetual darkness. Ask yourself the question: "What is my eyesight worth to me?" and let your answer be in accordance with your sympathy.

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